THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TO THE NEW YEAR.

BY C. G. M.

What dost thou bring to me,
Sunshine or showers?
Days that pass wearily
Bright, happy hours?
What dost thou bring to me,
Suffering and pain?
Tempest-tossed rocking
On life's troubled main?

What dost thou bring to me?
This I can tell,
Joyful and sorrowful,
All will be well.
Tears not too many,
Joys not too few,
No sorrow unheeded,
Though dark be its hue.

All wisely ordered,
Sent from above,
Abiding my weary heart
Rest in God's love.
To home and to Heaven
Still nearer I'd be,
So shall this new year
Bring blessings on me.

For True Love's Sake!

OR,

The Discarded Wife.

BY RETT WINWOOD,

Author of "The Ebony Casket," Etc., Etc.

Nearer and nearer dashed the maddened horses. . . . . When a woman darted out swiftly from the sidewalk and caught up the unconscious child.

CHAPTER I.

THE BANKER AND THE DETECTIVE.

Within a private office, in the rear of one of those magnificent counting-rooms which are the glory of Wall street, a gentleman paced to and fro, pausing every few moments to glance with a fretful air at the gilded clock, poised in the hands of a marble cherub, which adorned one of the niches in the wall.

"Two o'clock," he muttered, breathing a sigh of satisfaction as the tinkling of silver bells told the hour. "I trust Colonel Wood's assistant will not keep me waiting. So much depends upon the coming interview and its results, that I am anxious to have it over."

He was a tall, handsome man of forty-five, but looked fully ten years younger than his age. His hair was still dark, glossy and luxuriant, and a heavy moustache, that many a younger man might have envied, adorned his upper lip. He had a bright, clear, brown eye, an aquiline nose, and a mouth that expressed considerable firmness and decision of character.

Altogether, it was a striking face, and not a little fascinating—though its charm seemed to lie quite as much in the languor and subdued sadness that softened the aristocratic features, as in their perfect outlines.

This man was Major Douglas Vaughn, one of the wealthiest and most influential of the Wall street bankers.

Of late, he had been the victim of a series of successful robberies. Large sums of money had been missing, at various times, from his safe, of which he alone carried the key. A certain, shocking suspicion that would rise to haunt him, had caused him to confine the knowledge of his losses to his own breast, for a time; and meanwhile, he had exerted all the powers of his fine mind to discover, unaided, some clue to the thief.

Failing in all his efforts, and still missing larger sums of money than he cared to lose, he was finally compelled to call to his assistance a professional detective.

Major Vaughn was momentarily expecting the arrival of this man, that they might together lay a trap to catch the criminal.

This is why he paced so restlessly to and fro in his luxurious private office. It was a delicate matter in which to move at all, and occasioned him greater disquiet than anything which had happened in years. It would be a bitter blow if his worst suspicions were confirmed, and he felt it so.

Suddenly the door of the counting-room swung open, and one of the clerks looked in.

"If you please, sir," said the clerk, in a low voice, "there's a strange man loitering about the place."

"A strange man?" echoed Major Vaughn.

"Yes, sir. Of course, it may be all right, and he can give a satisfactory account of himself. But I thought you ought to be told."

"Does he pretend to have any business here?"

"None whatever."

"Humph! I'll see what he is like."

Feeling not a little out of sorts, both with himself and the world in general, the banker followed his clerk into the counting-room, where the very first person he saw was the suspected individual in question.

He was a small, wiry, dapper-looking man, apparently of about sixty years of age. The lower portion of his face was effectually concealed by a bushy, iron-gray beard; he wore a broad-brimmed hat, slouched low over his eyes, which, by the way, were marvellously bright and keen for a person of his apparent age. Their owner was aware of this fact, perhaps, for he had taken the precaution to cover them with a pair of green goggles.

He looked round when the banker entered, favored that individual with a nonchalant nod, and crossed to the entrance door, where he stood carelessly picking a set of very white teeth, gazing steadfastly into the street the while.

Major Vaughn took a good look at this singular personage, and immediately decided he was the man Colonel Wood has promised to send down.

"A shrewd fellow," muttered the banker. "He evidently wishes to look about him a little before his real errand is suspected."

To his clerk he said in a subdued voice:

"I don't see anything suspicious about the man. He is probably some idler who has wandered in here without any particular object in view."

Having spoken in this careless manner to allay any suspicions the clerk might entertain, Major Vaughn returned to his private office.

For some minutes afterward, the dapper little man maintained his position, with his odd, bright, yellowish-looking eyes scanning the various pedestrians in the street.

Suddenly he drew back with a slight start, and at the same instant a tall young fellow ran up the steps and entered the counting-room.

The new comer was a very handsome man, with finely-arched brows, blue-black eyes, and a full, red mouth, glowing like a scarlet line beneath the glossy moustache. He was dressed in the height of fashion, with perhaps, a superabundance of ornament, in the way of diamond buttons, massive seals and the like—but still his costume was very nearly faultless.

This *debonair* young fellow was Godfrey Vaughn, the banker's nephew.

The stranger, who had been watching at the door, went out quickly when Godfrey entered. Whether by accident or design, he jostled against the young man in passing, and the latter felt a scrap of paper thrust stealthily into his hand.

Godfrey Vaughn seemed to be accustomed to be surprised. His handsome shoulders went up a little, and so did his finely-arched brows, as he turned to glance after the stranger, but he betrayed no other symptoms of surprise.

"Who is that man?" he said, to one of the clerks, quite abruptly.

"I don't know, sir," was the answer. "He had been here for some time. I should judge he was waiting for somebody."

Godfrey turned away, walking up to one of the great plate-glass windows, where he stood drumming upon the glass in a very idle, nonchalant manner indeed, as if the subject had lost all its interest for him.

Nevertheless, he was slowly and stealthily unrolling the mysterious scrap of paper all the while, and when it once lay spread open in his palm he read these words, written in pencil, upon it:

"Follow me into the street. I must exchange half a dozen words with you unseen by anybody belonging to the bank. It is for your good, not mine, that I ask you to come."

This was all. Godfrey slowly tore the paper into minute fragments, which he tossed from the window.

The mysterious message puzzled him a great deal; but, for very good reasons, it never once occurred to him to refuse compliance with the request made in the note.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, loud enough for the clerks to hear, "I've forgotten my account-book, and must go back for it."

Then he hurried into the street. Glancing all around, he saw the mysterious stranger standing near the entrance to a blind alley, a little further down, into which he disappeared the instant Godfrey manifested an intention to follow him.

"A clever rascal, upon my word," thought the young man. "Evidently he does not care to run the risk of eavesdroppers."

Three minutes later he had penetrated the somewhat obscure depths of the alley in turn, and was following its winding at a rapid pace, when a hand was suddenly thrust out of the gloom and a voice called out the one word:

"Halt!"

Godfrey stood stock still. Pushing his unknown friend into as light a spot as he could find he said, abruptly:

"What do you want?"

The stranger's yellowish eyes swept his face curiously a moment, and then their owner said, in a changed voice, soft and sweet as a woman's:

"Do you not recognize me, Godfrey Vaughn?"

"No," the young man replied, stupidly; "assuredly I do not."

"Humph! I gave you credit for greater penetration."

Putting up both hands hastily to his head, he lifted a shock of iron-gray hair with his hat, and removed the heavy beard that concealed all the lower portion of his face.

"Now, Godfrey Vaughn, can you tell me who I am?"

Drawing back a pace or two, the young man uttered a cry of irrepressible astonishment.

"Mrs. ——"

"Hush!" exclaimed his companion, lifting one hand meaningly. "No names, if you please. It is sufficient that you do recognize me. Now, of course, you know me to be your friend?"

"Yes," was the hesitating reply.

"Enough. I have not a moment to lose. What is said must be said quickly."

"First of all, I wish you would explain the meaning of this masquerading costume."

The stranger gave an impatient shrug.

"It was assumed for your good. Do you know what your uncle has done? He has sent for a detective officer!"

"What possible use can he have for one?"

"He is determined to find out who is robbing him."

Godfrey started, a sudden dash of crimson coming into his face. Though he looked away, he seemed perfectly aware that those yellowish eyes were bent upon his own.

"I did not know he had been robbed," he stammered.

"It's a fact, none the less," a scornful smile curling those shapely-cut lips. "Now listen to me. We will say nothing of the robbery. I am not interested in that. But, for your sake, and the sake of others, the detective for whom Major Vaughn has sent must never make his appearance at the bank."

"For *my* sake?" reiterated Godfrey, in a savage tone. "Do you think I stole the money from my uncle?"

"What I think has nothing to do with the present emergency."

The perfectly composed tone in which these words were spoken had the effect of calming the young man.

"How can we prevent the detective from seeing Uncle Douglas?" he asked, after a moment's thinking.

"Easily enough. I know the man Colonel Wood has decided to send. Major Vaughn does not. *I* shall go to your uncle in this detective's stead. I have gotten myself up to look as much like him as possible, that the risk of future detection may be less. Now *you* have a part to play in this deception."

"I?"

"Yes. You must intercept the detective on his way to the bank, and, as your uncle's messenger, assure him that all is discovered, and Major Vaughn has no farther need of his services. He will know you by sight, and be very ready to believe anything you may say to him."

It looked like a daring game to play, and Godfrey said so, at which his companion again shrugged impatiently.

"Daring or not it must be attempted, and I tell you so in plain words. You know me—that I never trifle. Now, in one word, can I depend upon your help or not?"

Godfrey looked very much bewildered, but after a pause he said:

"You can. I don't understand your game at all, but I know you would do nothing to injure me."

"Good. Now, we have not another minute to lose. I go directly to the bank, and present myself to Major Vaughn as the detective he is expecting. Do you remain in the street, and be sure that the true detective does not reach the office. Here is his card and a minute description of the man."

Hastily thrusting a piece of pasteboard into Godfrey's hand this mysterious personage turned and walked away.

Five minutes later he stood within the banker's private office.

Carefully closing the door he removed his hat, and said, in the short, sharp tone of a man of business:

"Colonel Wood sent me to inquire into the matter of the robbery."

Major Vaughn smiled, and indicated a chair on the opposite side of the inlaid table at which he was at that moment seated.

"I am glad to see you. I have been waiting for some time. Of course, I guessed who you were when I saw you in the counting-room."

"I was merely taking observations."

"With what result?"

"None whatever, thus far."

"Then you suspect no person in particular of being the thief?"

"I would rather not tell what I suspect. Be so good as to relate all the circumstances, so far as you know them, attending the several robberies."

Major Vaughn proceeded to do so, but in the midst of his recital stopped abruptly, and an expression half of surprise half of alarm overspread his countenance.

"What is the matter, sir?" asked the pretended detective, anxiously.

"Excuse me," said the banker, making a violent effort to suppress his emotion; "but have I not met you before?"

"It is scarcely likely."

Still the banker gazed into those yellowish eyes, in a half-fascinated manner. Was it fancy, or did they light up for a moment with an expression of diabolical hatred and malignancy?

At any rate, there was something horribly familiar in those singular orbs—something suggesting certain passages in his life he would much rather not have recalled. Only the eyes of which those reminded him so forcibly, were set in a woman's head—and such a woman!

Suppressing a shiver, he demanded, in a faint voice:

"Your name?"

"David Drew."

At the same instant he presented a card, upon which the words were neatly printed.

Major Vaughn took it, and looked down at it earnestly until every trace of emotion had vanished from his countenance.

"Now I am ready to go on and finish what I was saying in regard to the robberies," he muttered, presently.

The pretended detective was soon put in possession of all the information the banker could give him. A silence followed, during which he seemed to deliberate.

"Have you mentioned every person who would be likely to have access to your safe?" he asked, at last.

"Yes," was the answer, somewhat hesitatingly spoken.

"What family have you at home?"

"Besides my nephew, Godfrey Vaughn, my two nieces are now stopping with me."

"Your nieces are young ladies—not children?"

"Yes; young ladies. But what have they to do with this affair?"

"That remains to be seen," was the cool response. "Singular developments sometimes occur in my profession, Major Vaughn. By-the-way, you are, I believe, a bachelor?"

The banker replied in the affirmative.

There was a brief silence, and then the person calling himself David Drew said:

"I have a few more inquiries to make before going. Could any member of your household enter your apartment and abstract your keys while you slept?"

"It might be done," flushing a little. "But——"

"It would require the stealthy cunning of a woman, it could not be the bungling work of a man, you think?"

Major Vaughn rose to his feet, and now turned deadly pale.

"What do you mean?" he cried, in a high, raised voice.

"Nothing," was the composed reply, though those yellow eyes certainly wore an evil expression that could no longer be disguised. "I merely made a remark. No insinuation was intended."

The banker rested one shaking hand upon the table, and looking steadfastly at the person before him, said:

"My nieces are young ladies, delicately nurtured, brought up in refinement and luxury. They are above the pale of suspicion."

"I trust so."

"I hope I can say the same of my nephew, Godfrey Vaughn. I have given him every possible confidence—all that a son could demand."

"He knows nothing of the affair, I presume. At least, I would never have the temerity to accuse him."

David Drew rose to his feet as he spoke.

"You may trust me to work up this affair carefully and successfully," he said, as he moved toward the door. "If any painful revelations should be drawn out, you shall be the very first to hear of them."

With a deep bow, and a flash of his sinister eyes over the banker's white face, he departed.

CHAPTER II.

THE BEAUTIFUL STRANGER.

At four o'clock precisely the Vaughn carriage, a superb English barouche, drew up before the door of the office in Wall street, preparatory to taking its owner to his up-town mansion.

Major Vaughn's reflections were not of the most agreeable, as he seated himself among the cushions of Utrecht velvet, gazing out, with eyes that saw nothing, at the palace-like mansions that lined the streets through which he was driven.

That scene in his private office had discomposed him more than he would have cared to confess. He had not been particularly impressed in David Drew's favor. The man's manner was bold and assured, more so than was justifiable for a person in his position.

And then those strange, familiar-looking eyes! The banker shuddered at the memories they awakened in his breast—shuddered and grew cold with an indefinable presentiment of danger to come.

"I wish the police department had sent me down a different man," he muttered, uneasily. "I'd ask Colonel Wood to recall him, only that would not look well, and might occasion scandalous surmises."

No, he was fairly in for it, and David Drew must remain in his employ until the mystery of the robberies should be a mystery no longer.

When the carriage drew up before Major Vaughn's brown-stone front, in Madison square, the banker had worked himself into quite a frenzy of anxiety and suspicion.

"While David Drew is investigating my affairs, I will turn the tables by making a few careful inquiries about himself," he said, aloud. "I should like to know more of that man. Perhaps Agnes had a brother——"

He stopped abruptly at this point. Whoever he may have meant by Agnes, it was the first time, in years, that name had passed his lips. It seemed to blister them, even yet, for he grew very pale, and caught his breath sharply.

Just as he descended the carriage steps there came an awful din and clatter higher up the street, and while he stood staring amazedly in that direction, a pair of runaway horses came tearing toward him like mad, rearing, snorting and dashing the wet from their foam-flecked nostrils.

While they were still several rods distant, he saw, to his utter terror, a little, winsome-looking child of not more than four or five years totter into the street, directly in the course of the infuriated animals.

For an instant he stood spell-bound. Then, with a shrill cry he dashed forward, conscious all the while that the flying horses must reach the point where the little girl stood in advance of him, but unable to see her ground to earth before his very eyes without making an attempt to rescue her.

"For God's sake!" he shouted as he ran, "will somebody save the little innocent?"

Nearer and nearer dashed the maddened horses. They were almost upon the unconscious child—another bound, and their iron hoofs would have crushed her skull, mayhap—when a woman darted out swiftly from the sidewalk, caught up the little creature, and bore her to a place of safety.

It was all over in a moment—the danger, the rescue—and the flying horses dashed harmlessly down the street, there to be arrested by a burly-looking countryman, who boldly confronted them.

Trembling all over with excitement, Major Vaughn ran up to the little group that had gathered on the walk all round the child who had been so narrowly rescued from death. She still lay in the arms of the person who had saved her life at such a risk.

This person was a young lady, and a very lovely one. She had great almond-shaped eyes, full of soft, purplish gloom; a pure, oval face with softly rounded cheeks, and a firmly moulded chin; brown hair, rich, glossy, abundant, in which played incessantly sultry lights and shades that made of it a marvel; and the daintiest hands and feet in the world.

As for her form, that was perfection. Lithe, slender, supple, and yet exquisitely modeled, every curve so full of grace, beauty and poetry, that one was almost pained by such excess of loveliness as was betrayed in every yielding turn of that faultless figure.

Of course, Major Vaughn could not take in all these particulars at a single glance, but he saw quite enough to make his pulses thrill as they had not done before for many a day.

"It was nobly done!" he exclaimed, in a loud, eager voice, pressing forward. "Nobly done!"

The little group gave way to him, and just as he reached the young lady's side, he saw her grow ghastly white, of a sudden, and reel blindly. She would have fallen, had he not caught her in his arms.

The lovely head dropped upon his shoulder, and lay there very still indeed. Glancing down into the upturned face, he cried out, sharply:

"The poor creature has fainted!"

It was true. She lay perfectly helpless in his arms, like a waxen lily, so white, so still, so beautiful.

Major Douglas Vaughn, despite his forty odd years, was not much accustomed to such situations as this. He felt confused, distressed. But, after one long, bewildered stare all round, his usual self-possession returned to him.

It would be no more than common humanity to take this lovely creature to his own house, and consign her to the care of his nieces. Why had not the thought occured to him at once?

With his heart beating much faster than its wont, he signed for a policeman who had now reached the spot, to lend a helping hand, and together they bore their lovely burden up the stone steps, and into the richly furnished hall of the banker's residence.

He would have had the child conveyed to the same place, but, an instant before, a woman, evidently the child's nurse, had come rushing down the street, pounced upon the little darling, and was kissing and crying over her quite hysterically.

In the stately hall, the banker, with his burden, was met by a hurried rush of feet.

"What is it? What has happened?" cried half a dozen voices, in a chorus.

Then a fair young creature, with brown eyes, a little red, ripe strawberry-colored mouth, and a sweet face, came close up to Major Vaughn's side, and said, in a shuddering whisper:

"Oh, uncle, she is not dead?"

"No, she fainted through excitement; that is all, Janet."

"Thank heaven!" cried the sweet voice. "This way, uncle. Bring her right into our boudoir."

The next instant that unconscious figure was laid tenderly upon a couch in a cosy little room, exquisitely furnished in blue and gold.

Eau de cologne and smelling-salts were brought, and everybody banished from the apartment save the banker and his two nieces.

One of these was Janet Conway, the owner of the sweet voice and brown eyes. The other was a tall, slight girl, with an oval, dark face, richly tinted with warm blood, silky, blue-black hair, and those large, dreamy, lustrous eyes which belong to the daughters of the South. This was Rose Carrington.

Those splendid orbs now swept eagerly the lovely vision lying so waxen-white upon the couch. Not a grace, not a beauty was lost upon her, from the white, superb throat, round which a fall of rich old lace seemed to cling almost lovingly, to the dainty boot, just peeping from the silken folds of her pearl-colored dress.

As she gazed, a slight, a very slight frown darkened Rose Carrington's brow.

"Who can she be, Janet? I do not remember ever to have seen that face before. She can't be in society, I'm sure."

"Hush!" whispered Janet, who was bathing the lovely brow with cologne-water. "Isn't she glorious, superb?"

"Yes, she is very pretty. I only hope she will prove deserving of the attention you are giving her; but it is very doubtful."

"Do hush!" implored Janet, flushing a little. "Who could distrust such a face as that? It might belong to an angel."

"True," exclaimed Major Vaughn, more fervently than he was aware.

Rose glanced up at him sharply. She did not like the rapt expression of his face.

"Humph!" thought she, "I hope Uncle Douglas isn't going to make a fool of himself at his time of life."

It looked very much like it. She drew back a little, proffering no assistance in Janet's task of resuscitating the unconscious woman, but not a movement escaped the scrutiny of her blue-black eyes. She watched those three central figures with the pitiless regard of a Nemesis.

She even observed the breathless eagerness with which the banker waited to learn the result of Janet's efforts.

What mysterious changes this lovely stranger was destined to work in all their lives Rose Carrington could not tell, but she was conscious of a feeling of aversion and dread unconquerable as she watched her lying there.

CHAPTER III.

THE PORTRAIT.

Presently a wave of color swept away the marble-like pallor of that face, and the bosom began to move again with the pulsations of life.

At last the beautiful eyes unclosed, and flashed their light bewilderedly round the apartment and into the anxious faces bending over her.

"Where am I?" she asked, in a faint, but most musical voice.

"With friends," answered Janet Conway. "Pray be assured of that, dear lady."

"Yes, you are with friends," repeated the banker, in his grave, quiet way, though quite emphatically.

A blush mantled the lady's lovely cheek, and she raised her head from the silken pillow upon which it rested.

"Ah! I remember," she exclaimed, pressing both her hands to her throbbing temples. "The child—the little darling! She was not hurt?"

"Not in the least. Was she a relative?"

"No," quickly. "I never saw her before.

"You must be very magnanimous to risk your life for a stranger."

"It was nothing. I saw her peril, and I could not leave her to be crushed beneath the hoofs of those cruel horses."

A quick shudder ran all over her, and for an instant the soft bloom left her cheek again.

"You must think me very foolish to faint when the danger was all over," she added, suddenly, in a deprecating voice.

It was Janet who gave an eager dissent to this.

"Oh, no, no! Foolish, when you had been so brave, so self-forgetful? No, indeed!"

"You are very kind to speak of me so flatteringly."

"The truth is never flattery."

The lady now sat up and began adjusting the bits of lace at her slender wrists. Even Rose Carrington was conscious of the spell cast by her marvellous loveliness. And yet one could scarcely tell in what the charm consisted. It was not in her perfect figure alone, with its lines of subtle grace and swan-neck curves, nor in the softly-rounded cheeks, swept by those silken lashes, nor yet in those great velvety eyes, so shy and so enticing.

Where, then? I have thought sometimes that there is a subtle magnetism about certain persons, an unseen, intangible power, which draws you to them without knowing why. And if so, this strange guest of Major Douglas Vaughn's must have possessed that rarest of all rare gifts.

"A clever woman," was Rose's mental comment, still watching her askant. "For all her innocent looks she knows how to play a close game for her own advancement, and will do it, too."

There was a brief silence in the room, and while it lasted the beautiful lady seemed to be intently studying her own pretty, slender hands.

"I am better now," she said, abruptly, making an effort to rise. "Let me thank you all for your kindness. I will trespass no further upon your hospitality."

She put out her hand for the delicate hat of pearl-colored silk and lace which Janet had removed when she was first laid upon the couch. A swift pallor swept over her face as she did so, and she was compelled to resume her seat again.

"You see you are *not* better—at least well enough to leave us," said Major Vaughn, kindly. "Pray do not think of going just yet. I will send up wine and refreshments, and by and by, when you are really strong enough, my own coachman shall drive you home."

"You are too kind, sir."

The color wavered in that lovely cheek. She seemed about to refuse the proffered hospitality, but the banker had already left the room, and it was too late.

Nevertheless, she turned her head to glance after him. In doing this, her gaze fell full upon the portrait of a man, painted in water colors, hanging near the door. A very handsome face it was, with blue-black eyes, very much like Rose Carrington's; finely arched brows, and red lips glowing brightly through the luxuriant moustache. Godfrey Vaughn's face, of all the world.

An inarticulate cry died upon the lady's lips as she gazed. She was frightfully pale, with her purple-velvet eyes distended as if they had looked upon a ghost. She trembled visibly.

"What is the matter?" asked Rose, coming to her side.

"Nothing," pressing one hand quickly to her heart, and trying hard to look composed. "I have not quite recovered from the fright in the street, and am easily upset."

"I do not wonder," said Janet, softly. Rose's lip curled rather scornfully.

"You seem to admire that portrait, madam, hanging near the door. I saw you looking at it. Its subject must be very handsome if he looks like that, must he not?"

"Very handsome," was the reply, and those large eyes met Rose's, half defiantly.

"It is the portrait of my cousin."

"Your cousin?" with a perceptible start.

"Yes, Godfrey Vaughn."

The silken lashes swept those white cheeks an instant, and then went boldly up again.

"By the way," she said, sweetly, "you ought to know the name of the person to whom you have been so kind. Here is my card."

She took an elegant case from her pocket, and extended a bit of pasteboard, upon which was delicately written the name, "Miss Nora Verlorme."

"We," said Rose, glancing sharply at the elegant chirography, "are of the race of Vaughns. My mother and Janet's were sisters, both Vaughns, of course. We are a trifle proud of our descent."

"And the gentleman who has just left us?"

"Oh, that is our uncle, Major Douglas Vaughn."

An odd light came into Nora Verlorme's eyes at these words. The names did not seem to be in the least unfamiliar. The pallor was gone from her face now, but a cold, resolute expression, far less becoming, had taken its place.

Rose observed the change. She smiled quietly to herself when she thought how abruptly Miss Verlorme had introduced the subject of names.

"A bold move to give her time to recover herself. Humph! I wonder what she can know of Godfrey? Nothing good, I'll be bound. She certainly has met him."

At this instant the banker returned, followed by a servant with a neatly arranged tray.

Of course a formal introduction now took place; for whatever Rose might conjecture in regard to their guest, she could not afford to forget her good-breeding.

"This is an odd way to make acquaintances," laughed Janet. "But I must say I rather like it."

"So do I," returned Major Vaughn, looking visibly discomposed, for some reason.

He poured a glass of wine with his own hand, and brought it to Miss Verlorme.

"I shall insist that you drink this. Your nerves need stimulating."

She thanked him, with a bright, arch smile, took the glass, and drained it to the dregs.

"I was always taught obedience to my superiors, Major Vaughn," she said.

A flush rose to his cheeks at the smile and the shy, enticing glance that followed it. "What an old fool I'm getting to be," he thought, half angrily. "In the presence of beauty I am beginning to blush like a bashful schoolboy."

As yet he did not begin even vaguely to comprehend the nature of the sensation that was creeping into every pulsation of his heart.

Rose understood him better; and it was no part of her policy that Major Vaughn should fall in love at his time of life. Such a *contretemps* would make sad havoc with her own expectations.

"The sooner Miss Verlorme leaves this house the better," she said to herself. "With my consent, she shall never enter it again. Some men cannot bear to have temptation thrust in their way, and Uncle Douglas is one of them."

It was with feelings of unmingled relief, therefore, that she saw Miss Verlorme rise to go, after sipping rather daintily at the cake and ice cream furnished for her regalement.

"I don't know how to thank you all," she said, with a very pretty show of earnestness. "It was so kind of you, even under the circumstances, to receive an utter stranger beneath your roof."

"Perhaps we have been entertaining an angel unawares," said Janet.

For a moment the banker was silent. He could not fail to see that this lovely creature's brightest smiles and archest glances were all for himself. The knowledge caused a slight commotion in his breast, and so there was a brief silence before he said:

"I trust the acquaintance thus began will never be discontinued. I am going to mark this day in white, in my calendar."

Quite a gallant speech for Major Vaughn! Even Janet looked surprised, and a soft wave of color, that made her ten times more bewilderingly beautiful than before, swept over Nora Verlorme's cheeks.

"That would be so foolish," said she. "No days ever dawned for me that deserved to be commemorated in such a manner."

Perhaps there was a tinge of bitterness in this speech. At any rate the smile left her lips, as she spoke her adieu, and swept slowly toward the door.

Janet followed her. Miss Verlorme's dress brushed against a pile of filmy drapery that had been carelessly thrown over a chair, in going out, and down it slipped, in gleaming disarray, upon the carpet. Of course, she paused to apologize.

"It does not matter," said Janet, quickly. "They are only some costumes Miss Carrington and I had just selected for Mrs. Graham's fancy ball."

"Indeed," was the answer, and those velvety eyes swept over the disarray somewhat curiously.

"Undine and Titania," Miss Verlorme said, mentally, for she was very quick in her intuitions. "Of course, Miss Conway will be Undine."

Then she passed on. She had reached the hall, in Janet's company, when the latter paused, and exclaimed:

"Will you wait one moment, Miss Verlorme? I have suddenly made up my mind that I would like to go with you."

"Certainly. I shall be very happy."

Janet ran for her hat and shawl. She had scarcely disappeared, however, when the street door swung open, and Godfrey Vaughn entered.

He stood transfixed, as if turned to stone, at the sight of the lovely vision that confronted him. A dark red surged over his face, and retreated, leaving it paler than marble. After gasping once or twice, he managed to articulate:

"My God! Nora!"

She gave him a cool, mocking bow.

"Are you surprised to see me here, Mr. Vaughn?"

He hesitated an instant, with his handsome features working convulsively, and at last stepped up to her, stretching out one shaking hand.

She drew back, haughtily.

"I prefer not to shake hands with you," she said.

"You are cruel, cruel, Nora."

"Not a tithe so cruel as you have been. Let me pass, if you please."

"Not yet," he cried, fiercely. "Listen to me, Nora—you *shall* listen. I can explain all—everything—and your coldness is quite thrown away."

"It is *not* thrown away. *Will* you stand aside!"

He quailed a little before the lightning of her glance. Those lovely eyes were anything but soft and gentle now. They seemed to flash out volume after volume of utter scorn and detestation.

But Godfrey Vaughn was not a man easily turned from his purpose.

"Don't be foolish, Nora," he said, trying to look her down, "I know what you think of me—what you will say. But you are too cruel in your judgment—you are, indeed. Will you not step into the parlor, and give me a half hour of your time?"

"Not a moment—not a second. I don't wish to hear a word you can say to me. *Will* you be so good as to step out of the way!"

She spoke in a sharp, exasperated voice, from which there was no appeal. Godfrey attempted none. Janet's step was already on the stairs, and so bending forward, he said, close to Miss Verlorme's ear:

"I shall see you again, Nora. I cannot, will not, give you up like this."

The next instant he had glided through a half open door, near at hand, and disappeared.

When Janet reached the hall, she found Miss Verlorme flushed and excited.

"Let us make haste," she said, eagerly. "I fear I have tired you, making you wait so long."

She led the way down the steps to the Vaughn carriage, which, in all its glitter and splendor, was drawn up before the door. Another moment, and they were rolling away.

But that interview, brief as it was, had a witness. Rose Carrington, peeping through the door of the boudoir, which had been left ajar, saw and heard all that transpired.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE REVIEWER

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FROM THE CENTRAL NEWS COMPANY, Philadelphia: No. 8 of Challen's Dime Edition of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," in which will be found "Sinbad, the Sailor," "Noureddin Ali," and "Bedreddin Hassan," and "The Three Apples." Also, the three numbers of the edition bound in one volume.

FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT & COMPANY, Philadelphia. "McBride's All Kinds of Dialogues," being a collection of original humorous dialogues, designed for amateur performances, easy of representation, and requiring but little, if any scenery. Also "Beecher's Recitations and Readings," humorous, serious and dramatic. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. Also, "The Starling," by the late Norman McLeod, D. D., the best of his many and popular books. It is, of course, of a distinctively religious character, and ought to be very popular in this country, as it is in England. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York. Also, "Estelle," by Mrs. Annie Edwards, considered by the author as one of the very best stories she has ever written. Published by Sheldon & Company, New York.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia. "The Queen of the Kitchen," a collection of old Maryland family receipts for cooking, by Miss Tyson. Also, "Fair Play; or, The Test of the Lone Isle," by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, being the second volume of the new edition of the works of this popular writer now in press.

A MAN can stand an occasional little dispute with his wife; but a long, gloomy, tearful after-sulking on her part will, like a sirocco-wind, blow out at last all his lights, thoughts, and joys, and, in the end, the light of life itself.

EXTRAVAGANCE is merely comparative; a man may be a spendthrift in copper as well as gold.

THERE is no grief like the grief which does not speak.

OUR FAIRY.

The dimpled arms, my heart entwine,
And cast on me are tears or smiles;
A rosebud mouth is pressed to mine,
And now away the fairy dances.

You, joyously away she skips,
And claps her hands in merry glee;
A sunny smile wreaths those sweet lips,
And she is glancing back at me.

How dear to me her smiling face,
Sweet photograph of love and truth!
And dear each wilful, childish grace,
But dearer far her soul of truth.

Oh! may she thus through life remain,
And ne'er her beauty fade, nor youth,
And still within her heart retain
Undimmed, the glowing pearl of truth.

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING!

By MILLIE W. CARPENTER,

Author of "Such Sweet Sorrow," Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 21, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all news dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XIV.

"Still the old fire whisper each other
Alarming and night and noon;
Nodding their heads with, 'Brother, brother,
Something will happen soon.'"

Light, warmth, flowers, music on the air. Mrs. Shrewsbury's rooms are in gala dress—there is no glare, but a soft delicious tone prevails everywhere. Gas is discarded, and clusters of wax lights fill the air with a tender radiance. Flowers are strown and wreathed and grouped everywhere. To go up the broad staircase is like stepping from bank to bank of roses and oleanders. It is all so sweet, so odorous, so like a dream out of the Arabian Nights.

Mr. Shrewsbury is in the library putting on his gloves. It is eight o'clock; in half an hour the rooms will begin to fill; it is time the ladies put in an appearance. He tugs at a button.

"There! By George—there goes the third pair. What an infernal bore gloves are—and parties. If one could only lounge in, in one's dressing-gown and slippers. Well done, my lady!"

Ellice is "my lady!" She comes in charming, radiant. Frank walks round and round her.

"Well done! You are truly exquisitely gotten up. But I say, Ellice, couldn't you have a little less of this?" and he puts a finger on the gauzy stuff, which floats about her.

"Don't, Frank. But, if you must know, I did fight the dressmaker—though it's of no use. They won't let you have a word to say for yourself."

"Halloa! who is this?"

Mr. Karl Henderson enters. Brushed, scented, gloved, the very ideal of fortune's lily-handed, curled darlings.

"What a magnificent swell we do turn out, don't we?" says Frank, tauntingly. "After your late disaster, too, when the prospect was that you would sneeze yourself to death."

Mr. Henderson is not inordinately vain, and he is used to his friend's humor. He pays no attention to what Frank is saying. His eyes are fixed on a figure—on three figures coming slowly up the room from the farther door.

He sees a majestic old man, with white hair flowing on his shoulders, who bears on either arm, like twin roses on a faded stalk, a lovely lady. One, the fairest one in Karl's eyes, is all gold. Golden curls flow down about her slender, snowy throat. She is so lovely—so lovely—but alas! her name is Nellie, and she is the property of that old man.

Karl's eyes flash strangely. He sets his teeth and draws his breath hard as he looks at her. He is conscious that Frank is watching him, but he does not care.

"Is not my darling pretty, to-night?" says Mr. Childerssohn, appealing to Mrs. Shrewsbury.

"Lovely!" answers Ellice, absently. "That dress is divine, just the tint for your complexion, Nellie. Frank, dear, have you looked into the supper-room to see that everything is right there?"

"No! you gave Brown a *carte blanche* to fix everything according to his fancy, didn't you? If I were to show my face there he would most likely turn me out; and serve me right, too."

Frank's manner is as light as ever, but he is watching Henderson with an anxiety which has strangely grown on him of late. He is not quite pleased with his friend's looks, or actions, and he feels that it will be better for all parties, perhaps, if he speaks a warning word ere it is too late forever.

Karl, with something slightly like defiance in his air, moves over to where Nellie is standing clasping a bracelet on her arm. She trembles under his look, though she has not met it; the power of his passion makes itself felt.

"You are very beautiful, to-night, Mrs. Childerssohn," he whispers. "You are so beautiful—why need you be so cruel, too?"

The tone he uses strikes her with dread. She feels as if he were binding a chain about her, and instinctively she struggles against it.

"Cruel? How am I cruel, Mr. Henderson?" she strives to speak coldly.

"Mr. Henderson! You call me Mr. Henderson now, when it used to be Karl?"

She steps back terrified.

"You speak so strangely; let me go to Charles. He is waiting for me!" She makes a movement as if to pass him in her way.

"One moment. I said you were cruel! You are cruel or you would not thrust me so coldly aside just to please the changing caprice of an old man. You have not spoken to me since the day we were out in that terrible storm in the hills. Has he forbidden you to speak to me, or look at me?"

"Mr. Henderson!"

There is a quiver of indignation in her voice.

They are standing apart from the others, under a cluster of pendant lights. They have been quite alone so far, but Mr. Childerssohn now turns, looking after his darling. Nelly, well nigh in tears, moves to join him, but Karl catches at the daintily painted card dangling by a silken cord from her wrist, and so detains her.

"Wait. Let me see this? You will give the first dance to me?"

"To you! Oh, no, no! I dare not. I promised Charles not to dance. He says I am not strong enough."

"You dare not! Ah, Nellie, you must promise me one—but one?"

Her lips quiver. She tries to refuse, but cannot. She lifts great, blue, pleading eyes instead, and in their trembling, tender depths, he reads his answer. He falls back with a triumphant look as she moves away on her husband's arm, and, as he turns, he meets Frank Shrewsbury's gaze bent full on him.

Something in that keen look, but as look thrills him with a passing shame. Thoroughly and abjectly mean he feels for a moment, but only for one moment, then he is himself again. He is to-night in one of those moods when men do deeds that last them for a lifetime of regret.

"Is it not time the people begin to come?" asks Ellice, who has been comparing notes with Jennie, under Mr. Childerssohn's supervision.

As if in answer to her question, the bell rings. Mr. Shrewsbury stumbles over my lady's train as she shoots through the door, dropping fan and handkerchief in her flight. Mr. Childerssohn bears his wife off, and Karl is left with Jennie in the study.

"I suppose there is no need for us to hurry," she says, gayly. "We will stay and look at the people as they come, and you must tell me who everybody is."

He shrugs his shoulders deprecatingly.

"I am not sure I know half of them, myself. Besides, they may not be worth knowing. They come thick and fast."

So fast, indeed, that after the first two or three arrivals, the closing of the door becomes a mere form. Old and young, gay and grave, fair and plain, but all from the gilded ranks of wealth and fashion.

"Who is that lady with such a magnificent presence?" asks Jennie, as a stately dowager in black velvet and lace passes into the saloon on the arm of a shy little fair man.

"That," with an amused laugh, "is the notable Mrs. Majoribanks and her husband."

"What a name! But, tell me, why do you say Mrs. Majoribanks and her husband, instead of Mr. Majoribanks and his wife?"

"Is it possible you do not guess? She is a practitioner of the divine rights of woman. The orator's desk is her shrine. She weighs two hundred pounds, while Mr. Majoribanks weighs ninety, or thereabouts. He is justly proud of her, and sounds her praises wherever he goes."

"Poor man," laughs Jennie. "And this—oh, Mr. Henderson! who is this dark, lovely lady in blue silk? And—ah! what a homely little man she is with?"

"That," very gravely, "that lady is my sister, Mrs. Ainsleigh, and the 'homely little man,' my brother-in-law, her husband."

Mr. Henderson is outwardly grave; inwardly he is fighting with the laugh that threatens to make itself heard.

Jennie flushes scarlet. The lady, as she passes through the hall, turns her head, and seeing Karl, bows and smiles.

"Oh, I beg you to forgive me!" cries Jennie.

"It's nothing," he answers, composedly.

The first notes of the music, after the preliminary tuning, sets the feet of the dancers in motion. Karl takes Jennie in—he cannot do otherwise without extreme rudeness—and leads her to a place on the floor. The dancing is rather tame. They have not got into the spirit of it yet, and he is glad when it is over. Moreover, he sees Nellie in the window, her husband beside her. A thrill of hot, unjust, and ungovernable rage against the fond old man who takes her smiles and caresses so easily, possess him.

He leads Jennie to a seat, and, having introduced her to a partner, saunters away. He makes the circuit of the room, and, as he comes opposite the great window, he sees that Nellie is alone. He stops before her.

"You promised me a dance, Nellie. Are you ready, now?"

But she shakes her head. Her cheek flushes painfully.

"It was not quite a fair promise, was it? You know you extorted it from me, therefore I am not obliged to keep it."

"Not keep it! Then I will wait here by you. It does not matter."

He sweeps her flowing drapery aside, and drops into the chair her husband has but just left.

"Oh, no, no!" she cries, terrified by his actions, terrified more by his strange looks and words. "Mrs. Shrewsbury will expect you to dance. You must not stay here."

"Why are you so cold to me?" he asks, abruptly. "Why do you keep me at such a distance? You will not even give me one dance. It was not so at Newport."

"Oh, hush! pray hush!" she cries. "You torture me. Why do you make me so unhappy?"

"Unhappy! Are you unhappy?" He tries to take her hand as it hangs trembling by her side. "Who is it makes you unhappy? Is it your husband or me?"

"It is you!" she cries, half angrily. "You will not let me be in peace."

He looks at her with a strange, passionate triumph in his face. He bends toward her till his dark hair touches and mingles with her golden curls.

"Nellie," he whispers, "if I leave you now, will you promise me one waltz—just one—when I come to claim it?"

"I promise," she answers, wildly. "Why do you not go?"

He rises from the chair just as Mr. Childerssohn comes back with a shawl, which he wraps about her, and, as he does so, he notices her extreme pallor.

"My darling, how pale you are. This excitement is too much for you. It is well I have prohibited dancing."

She walks about on her husband's arm. It seems to her that if she sits down again she will be in deadly peril—of something, she knows not what. She only fears some evil, indistinct, but sure.

Once she sees Karl at the other side of the room. He is watching her, and, as he does so, a servant touches his arm. He turns.

"A letter, sir. It was sent from your office, with orders to have it delivered to you to-night. As it is marked 'Immediate,' I ventured to bring it to you right away."

"All right," Karl answers. "Many thanks."

He goes to Frank's study that he may read it in silence. He is absent a long time, and, when he returns, there is a strange, puzzling expression of doubt, gladness, pride, and vexation on his face.

He looks hurriedly about him. Nellie is sitting again by the great window, and Frank is beside her.

Henderson walks quickly over to them.

"Your wife is wanting you, just now, Frank," he says, quietly.

Mr. Shrewsbury rises with commendable alacrity. But, once on his feet a suspicion crosses his mind, and he stops. Too late. Karl, from the chair he has vacated, smiles blandly.

"You will find her in the supper-room, I think," he says.

Frank's eyes flash ominously, but Karl does not heed it. He turns to Nellie, who waits, quivering, half fainting with fear.

"Are you ready, now?"

She rises, with a numb obedience.

They take their places on the floor. The music swells and sways, it rises and falls, the long, delicious, bewildering, sweet waltz music. As Henderson puts his arm about her waist, he feels her tremble.

"Are you afraid, Nellie?"

Surely he is mad to-night. He does not care, in that great room full of people, if any see him. He does not care, when he looks up and meets Mr. Childerssohn's gaze. Henderson returns his look as he floats by with Nellie in his arms.

His arms loosen for a moment.

"You are not tired yet?" he whispers.

"Oh, yes! yes! I am tired! so tired! let us stop!"

"Not yet, Nellie. A moment longer."

The music slackens. Not quite so fast, and still they float along.

"Are you tired?" he whispers again. "Lean your head on my shoulder."

He draws her to him so closely that, whether she will or no, her fair cheek rests upon his breast. She cannot struggle; a faint, terrified numbness creeps over her.

"Let me go!" she pleads. "Oh, let me go!"

"Not yet," he answers, triumphantly.

She has not strength to remonstrate with him. On and on the music flows, but slower now. Henderson sees Frank Shrewsbury waiting at the lower end of the room, where the crowd is not so great. Does he mean to interfere? Ah, if the music were only faster; he looks up and catches the eye of the leader. Heaven knows how he makes his desire known, but there are times, we all know, when our eyes and our expression plead far more eloquently for us than our tongues could do.

Karl's must have spoken plainly, for in a half second of time the music is like the rush of a strong tide, and Frank falls back baffled as the dancers surge by. But Nellie's limbs are fast failing her. A moment more and Henderson feels her falling on his arm. There is a door close by, leading into a little reception-room, and thither he bears his half-fainting burden.

The room is without occupants, save a solitary couple sitting in the shadow of the window draperies. They are young lovers, doubtless, whispering of their young, newly discovered love, and as Henderson enters they start up and scurry away like frightened partridges.

He places Nellie in a chair and brings her a glass of wine, the first thing he can lay hands on. She drinks it with feverish haste, not noticing what it is. It brings back her ebbing life; a faint spot of color fills out the roundness of her pallid cheeks.

"More, more," she gasps. "Give me more—water—anything to stop this horrible faintness."

He fills the glass again, and again she drains it.

"I am sorry I have wearied you so," he says. "You will forgive me, won't you?"

She is still too weak to do more than make a movement to rise, but he pushes her quickly back in her chair. He swings the door forward, thus shutting out what inquisitive eyes may be inclined to look in from without. A hot flush drifts over her face as she watches him.

"Why do you do that?" she asks, angrily. "It is ungenerous, unmanly of you. Let me go!"

"Let you go? Never again, Nellie! I shall never let you go again!"

"Never!" she repeats, dreamily. "Never!"

"Never! never again!" He draws her to him again, and bending his head whispers eagerly in her ear.

She is deadly white at first, as she listens; then the blood drifts into her face, hot, burning, suffocating, furious.

"Oh, no! no!" she shudders. "Never that—never that!"

"I tell you yes!" he cries. "It is true! it is true! Everything rests with you now. You have only to say yes—such a little word; so easily spoken. Can you not say it? Repeat it after me. Say yes, my darling."

Still she hesitates. She is musing, as one who hardly realizes, on what he has told her. He watches her face impatiently, eagerly. He thinks she is considering the means, the end.

"Time presses," he says, with cruel deliberation, "and remember—remember, Nellie, if I go from you alone to-night, you will never see my face again."

"Oh, cruel! cruel!" she weakly cries. "Oh, why do you tempt me so? Oh, why did I ever meet you?"

She catches his hand and carries it with wild kisses to her lips. She means it for her farewell to him, but he mistakes her emotion. His dark face, as he bends over her, is all one flash of wicked triumph.

"You consent then!" cries he. He puts an arm about her waist to lift her from her chair. "Oh! my darling! I knew you could not banish me from your side forever!"

He has forgotten time and place, the surging crowd from whom only a half-open door divides him. In his excitement he would have walked through the rooms, bearing her in his arms, out into the street and away as his own, with no more thought of the watching throng than if he had been crossing a desert.

"Come!" he murmurs. "Come! there is so little time left us."

Some one touches him on the shoulder, and starting up he wheels fiercely round. Frank Shrewsbury stands before him. His fair face is sternly set, his eyes have the cold blue gleam of deadly steel.

"Well, sir!" Henderson draws his breath hard, bracing himself for the situation. One long glance of fierce defiance shoots from his dark eyes, and that is all.

"Your sister, Mrs. Ainsleigh was asking for you just now in the dancing-room. I think you had better go."

"Thanks; my sister can wait. For the present I shall remain here!"

There is a livid look about Frank Shrewsbury's lips. There is a slight thrill as of a bracing of his nerves; he seems hardening into iron. Still, mindful of the situation, he restrains himself, and keeps ever within the bounds of the courteous host.

"Very well. Then I will take Mrs. Childerssohn to her husband. I see that she is very nearly exhausted."

"Thanks again. But Mrs. Childerssohn is under my care. I will see that her comfort is secured, first of all things. Meanwhile, you must perceive

that you are intruding where you are not wanted."

The two men face each other: fair and dark. Mrs. Childerssohn cries out a little piteous cry; Henderson's lightning glance drops one second to her face and then returns to his antagonist. Well for Frank Shrewsbury that his nerve does not fail him now, before that baleful look. His fair cheek is deadly white, but not a muscle stirs, not a golden eye-lash falters.

Karl meets his steady, contemptuous gaze for a moment. Then a something stirs within—a memory of earlier, better days, not any too good, perhaps, but at least not stained with anything so foul as *this—this* from which his friend is striving to save him—and a dark flush steals to his forehead. He falls back a step, and passes his hand over his face as if he were drawing aside a glamour that veils his sight.

"Frank, old fellow," he says, "I'm very near being a fool to-night, I think."

"I am glad you are coming to your senses, then. And as an evidence that you are, I will ask you to leave the room."

"I will, in one moment."

"No; not in one moment. Go now!"

Henderson, half defiant still, but for the moment under the influence of a better feeling thinking it is better to yield, turns for a last word with Nellie.

But Nellie is gone!

CHAPTER XV.

The morning after the ball. The sun, shining brightly on the cold, frozen face of the earth, streams through the unshuttered windows of Mrs. Shrewsbury's parlors, lighting up all their disarrayed finery. Chair and *tete-a-tete* stand in a disorderly way in the middle of the room, as if they were glad to rest anywhere. There is a sickly odor of banks of faded flowers, and a still sicklier odor of the remnants of the feast.

Ten o'clock strikes. In the breakfast-room a bright fire burns, the table is laid, and on the rug Mr. Shrewsbury stands waiting for the ladies and his coffee. Mr. Shrewsbury's face is very grave; in fact, it has a haggard look in the fresh morning light. For one thing, he has slept but little; it was well-nigh daybreak before the house was still; and for another thing, he has been going over Karl Henderson's conduct for the last few days. The more he thinks of it the less he likes it, and he has fully made up his mind that before the day passes he will have a talk with his friend, and lay before him the probable consequences if he continues to persist in this line of action.

The door opens, and Ellice comes in followed by Jennie. The ladies are not so beautiful as they were the night before. Their eyes present a decidedly sleepy appearance.

"You here?" said Ellice, suppressing a yawn. "I surely thought I should be the first one down. Ring for the coffee, please; we won't wait for Mr. and Mrs. Childerssohn."

Coffee is brought in, and breakfast is well begun when Mr. Childersohn enters, alone. He glances round the table with a quick, surprised look as he takes his seat, and receives his cup in silence.

"How is Nellie this morning?" Ellice asks, politely. "I suppose she is too much fatigued to come down. Shall I send up something to her?"

"You must ask Jennie," answers the old gentleman, "since Nellie shared her room. I have not seen her this morning."

"Me?—my room?" returns Jennie, with enormous astonishment showing in her manner. "You are mistaken. Nellie has not been in my room."

"Not in your room?" Mr. Childersohn repeats, feebly. "But where is she then, if she has not been with you?"

No one answers. A faint, suspicious uneasiness makes itself felt in the little circle. Ellice looks across at her husband, and is shocked to see his white, stern face.

"She—she must be somewhere! You are sure she did not occupy your room?" appealing helplessly to Jennie.

"I am most sure," returns Jennie, promptly. "And now, when I think of it, I did not see her after supper last night. I supposed she was tired and had gone to her room."

"She went up quite early," Mr. Childerssohn explains. "She complained of feeling weak and worn. I missed her when I went to my room, but I thought she was with Jennie. She often did so. She was always very fond of Jennie."

His feeble old voice falters. His feeble old hand trembles.

"She must be in some other bed-room!" he says, piteously, to Ellice. "She is such a child, you know. It would be like her to do such a thing—it is only a caprice, done just to tease us for a moment."

His haggard old face is awfully changed. Deep lines are drawn across his forehead. His lips quiver, but he tries to smile.

"You had better look for her, Jennie. You will find her in one of the rooms. Tell her that we are—not anxious—we are not anxious, of course, for she is somewhere about—but it is not wise of her to keep us waiting."

He tries bravely to hide his horrible doubts, his ever increasing fear. He drops his shaking hands to his side with a grand heroism, that the others may not see them and so see that he can still be shaken by one misgiving of his darling's actions. Others may doubt her—the heavens may fall, but he will never doubt her truth. If—if anything has happened—but it is premature to judge.

"Will you go?" he asks a little impatiently of Jennie, who does not stir, not knowing what to do. "Will you go and fetch her, or shall I?"

"It will be no use looking for her," interrupts Frank, speaking for the first time. "You will not find her in this house."

Mr. Childerssohn turns a fiercely haggard old face on the speaker.

"How do you know that?" he asks, angrily. "How dare you insinuate such a thing? Of course she is in the house; where else should she be?"

Mr. Shrewsbury is discreetly silent. He is too pitifully sorry to heed the blind, angry words of the fond and terribly tortured old man. Let the catastrophe be delayed a moment longer—it will come full soon enough.

Jennie leaves the room; they try to talk, to continue their breakfast as if undisturbed by any doubt during her absence. But the attempt is a woeful failure. Not one there but looks up with eager gaze as Jennie, after five minutes absence, comes back. She is terribly pale.

"Nellie is not up-stairs," she reports. "There is no room unoccupied in which she could have slept. Mrs. Shrewsbury—dear Mrs. Shrewsbury—is there any room—any place do you think where it is possible she might have stayed—just out of caprice, you know?"

"I am sure I don't know," stammers Ellice, disconcerted by her husband's look. "I don't know where she can have gone. I did not see her after—after—she did not speak to me at all."

Mr. Shrewsbury rises, and rings the bell, with a determined look. He can act now.

"Bring the morning papers," he says to the servant who answers.

They are brought. Mr. Shrewsbury opens one eagerly, and turns to the list of steamers out. He runs through the passengers' names. The others watch him with fearful eyes. There is a dreadful stillness in the room, broken by an emphatic exclamation from Frank. He stands up, white and stern. His voice has a hard and bitter ring, never before heard by those who listen to it now.

"By God! he has gone! Yes, he has done it. I was afraid of it. His name is here, Karl Henderson, in the Scotia."

"And she! And Nellie! Nellie!" bursts sharply from three pairs of trembling lips.

"She, too, is gone. Did you doubt it for a moment? It was all plain to me from the first. Here is the register—'Mrs. Henderson.' They are bold enough!"

He lays down the paper with a fierce imprecation. Jennie gives a sharp cry and puts up her hands entreatingly. There is another moan, too, saddest of all to hear as coming from the aged lips it passes.

"Be calm," says Mr. Shrewsbury, feelingly. "Bear your loss as a brave man should. She is not worthy of your grief."

The old man raises his white head from the table. The tears he has wept, falling from his eyes, have rested on his snowy locks, and they glitter there like ice drops.

"Worthy? My darling not worthy of my love?" he repeats, indignantly. "Do you think I have, for one moment, doubted her? But *he!* God help me to avenge myself on that bad man."

He lifts his flashing eyes one moment, then drops them, with a cry.

"My darling! My darling! I forgave her once—I forgive her now; he, too. I overlooked the wrong he did me. I judged it as nothing but the romantic fancy of careless and hot-blooded youth. Let him answer to me now for this."

He turns to leave the room, but staggering, falls into the nearest chair.

"Wait!" cries Frank, with stern emphasis. "Let me act for you here. You are too old to be abroad, and on such an errand. Leave him for me to deal with."

"With you!" answers the old man, doubtfully.

"Ay! with me. He took her from under my roof—let him answer to me for his outrage. The steamer Russia lies at the wharf—she has been delayed—waiting for repairs, and she sails to-morrow. I will follow him, and though twice the width of the Atlantic lay between us, I would find him, and I will call him to account."

"Frank! Frank! think what you are doing!" cries his wife, appealingly.

"I am sure you think with me in this," he says, putting an arm about her waist, as she clings to him, trembling. "I could not let such an insult pass unnoticed. Think, he has been our guest. She, too, was our guest. He took her from under our roof. Insult added to injury. He shall answer for it, if there be anything like honor or manliness left in him."

"Bring her back to me! Bring her back to me!" murmurs the old man, as Jennie kneels by him, holding his head, with the mute sympathy of grief. "Tell her that I forgive her—and as for him," he stopped a moment, as if choking, "as for him, the man who has twice taken my darling from me, if plunging steel or a deadly bullet can find the way to his black heart, then find it."

He speaks the words with unwavering accent, with the cold, calculating accuracy of fixed hate, without once faltering in the final command; and having so spoken them, he drops his head on the table, and pays no more heed to those around him.

Only Jennie feels a current of doubt flowing underneath the settled grief with which she, in common with the others, accepted Nellie's probable fate. Strive as she will, she remembers a slight, white draped figure, sitting by a solitary fire, in the night, its tear-wet eyes fixed on the leaping flame. She sees a flower-fair, childish face set in proud resolve; she hears a low voice, silvery sweet, saying, "Do not fear for me. The pride my father gave me with his blood will never fail me; be sure of that!"

Can Nellie, indeed, have forgotten so soon. Has the temptation, following so swiftly after, been in truth so strong she could not hold her own against it—and has the old, grand pride of her race failed her in the bitter end?

CHAPTER XVI.

If Mr. Henderson, flying across the sea, took with him a burden of guilt he can never again in this world be rid of, the avenger follows fast on his trail. Frank Shrewsbury is but three days behind him. He traces him without difficulty to London, and there direct to the Langham Hotel. The reports about him are many and contradictory. There is a lady with him, there is no lady with him. Sometimes the lady is fair, with lovely golden hair; sometimes she is dark, and in grief; she weeps incessantly.

The accounts are not very satisfactory, but they all point to one conclusion, namely, that Karl Henderson is a guilty man, flying with his companion, in a vain attempt to hide himself from the sure consequence that was to follow his act. Forever guilty and forever doomed. There is no escape for him now.

From London to Dover, and thence, all this after many and vexatious delays, across the channel to Calais. He hears of him there, with his companion. Some say he was going south, some north—then onward, flying across the plains of Picardy to Arras on the Scarpe.

It is a lovely, summerish day when Frank Shrewsbury stops in the quaint, old Flemish town, his prey run to earth at last. He is pretty well worn, and he is in that frame of mind that he feels he could very well fight a whole nation, and back himself to win.

He strolls across the court-yard of the Ours d'Or, the inn where he has discovered Karl Henderson is stopping. The sun shines gayly down on the gray stones with which the court is paved. It is so warm that three or four white-winged doves sit cooing in the slender vines that, retaining something of the green of summer, run about the wall.

Mr. Shrewsbury turns from the arched entrance to the room opening on the left. It is the reading-room, and the landlord, a little, dark man, comes forward to meet him.

Frank's French is execrable, but the landlord is all smiles and volubility.

"What will milor have? Mr. Eenderson? Oui! oui! Mr. Eenderson is up-stairs in his room. A truly noble gentleman is Mr. Eenderson, the friend of milor. A lady?"

The landlord looks puzzled for a moment, and then waves his hands and grins hideously in a way that exasperates Mr. Shrewsbury, and awakes in him a naughty desire to knock the landlord down.

After much delay and gesticulation Frank succeeds in making his wish known. He will see Mr. Henderson in his room.

The landlord leads him up-stairs, along a narrow gallery, and stops at a glass door covered with a muslin curtain. Frank knocks.

"Enter," responds a voice, a familiar voice, promptly from within.

The landlord retires slowly, looking back once or twice, overcome with curiosity, and torn asunder between a fear of offending his guests and a desire to know what is going on.

Frank stands sternly watching him till the crown of his bald pate disappears below stairs; then he opens the door.

It is a large room—spacious, indeed—with two beds, chairs, and a round table in the middle of the floor. Two windows overlook the court-yard of the inn below.

Perhaps Mr. Henderson has been warned of the coming of the avenger, and has prepared himself for the encounter. Certainly the room has a warlike appearance. On the table are two foils with the buttons on, a brace of pistols and a light rapier.

There is no woman in the room. There are no signs of a woman's presence there—none except a tiny scarlet-and-gold-embroidered scarf on a chair.

Frank takes it all in with one swift, keen glance, and Mr. Henderson is sitting alone by the fire burning in the grate.

He looks up as Frank enters. His expression is at first one of alarm—undoubtedly of alarm; then it changes to quick surprise and angry astonishment; after which he waits with courteous deference for his visitor to speak.

Frank shuts the door, turns coolly back after he has taken a step to bolt it; then he faces his host.

He is very pale, but his voice is firm, his eyes quick and clear.

"I am here, you see," he begins, coldly.

"I see," answers the other, with perfect composure, "and, if you will pardon me for saying it, your coming is not of the most courteous kind."

There is not one sign of recognition in Henderson's look or voice. Two strangers, with the width of a world heretofore between them, could not have met with less of sympathy in their glances.

"We will waive all ceremony, if you please. I have not come all this distance to waste words in idle nothings."

"Indeed!" Henderson does not lose one whit his coolness. "If you will pardon me again, I could have dispensed with your coming at all."

"No doubt. No doubt you thought to escape the consequences of your act. You did once before, but there is no help for you now. There is no outwitting justice in the end!"

Frank speaks in a low, impressive voice, and Henderson turns slightly pale. Through the brave air with which he has up to this held himself creeps a slight tinge of fear. His nostrils quiver, but he holds the other with a steady gaze.

"Will you be so kind as to say your say and go? I think I've had enough of this," he says, authoritatively.

"One or the other of us will go soon enough—just as soon as you decide. There is no need to waste time in words."

"But, my good fellow, I did not invite you here to waste them. For my actions, I am the best judge of their fitness and their unfitness, and when I account for them to any human being, I will, with your kind permission, select my judge."

"You will account for them to *me! I am the judge now!* I take it upon myself to avenge the wrongs of the innocent!"

"The innocent! Pah!"

"Stop!"

Frank's voice rings quick and clear, and before the other can retreat he steps rapidly forward and strikes him on the mouth with his hand. A drop of blood spurts, and trickles down, leaving a red stain on his breast.

"By heaven!" cries Henderson, starting back with foaming lips, "you go too far! Have a care, or your life will not be worth the tossing of your hand!"

"My life!" says Frank, with a sneer. "You threaten it, do you? It is worthy of you to do so."

"I don't understand this," says Henderson, with a dawning, half puzzled look of apprehension. "Why do you fasten this quarrel on me. I don't want your life. Go now, while there is time. If you know me, you know my reputation as a marksman. Let me tell you again to go and leave me in peace. I have never injured you."

"You have injured those who are dear to me, that is enough."

The great room, heavily shadowed, is very still. The fire leaps up in little crackling flames, thrusting out now and then a forked tongue, which licks up a falling cinder, and then dies out fitfully. A girl's voice somewhere below is shrilly singing, "Je t'aime, je t'aime!" to the music of a cracked, jingling piano. Footsteps skip up and down the stairs, and patter along the gallery, and in the midst of these multiplied signs of life these two men face each other with hard-drawn breath and looks of anger.

"It's life or death between us two," says Frank, in the hard voice he has maintained throughout. "Life for one and death for one! I've sworn it, and I'll keep my oath! If you go out of this room alive you'll go over my dead body."

The iron will under that fair and gay exterior comes to the surface as it never has before in all his bright and pleasure-loving years. His face is set in fierce resolve, the blood burns steadily in his cheeks, and his blue eyes are fixed in their level gaze.

Henderson regards him for a moment with thoughtful intentions.

"I like your spirit," he says, slowly, "and I honor your motive, whatever it may be, but I confess to you I don't feel in the mood for fighting."

"Coward!" hisses Frank Shrewsbury, with lightning indignation in his glance. "Not alone a thief, to steal away men's honor and a woman's fame, but a coward, too, who dares not defend himself against the consequences of his deeds."

Again he steps forward, thrilled with a wild, ungovernable rage, and smites Henderson on the face—once, twice—ringing blows that call the red blood up in surging tides.

"Will you take these, or shall I strike you again? After all, if you do not care to stand as a man should before another whom he has foully wronged, why should I care? The shame rests with you, and I'll take a whip and lash you from place to place as I would a mangy cur!"

His blood is up to madness pitch. The cool tone that Henderson takes, his amazing indifference to all appeals made to his honor and his sense of justice, have maddened Frank and goaded him to a state bordering on frenzy. He is no more master of himself at this hour than if he had been struck by lunacy.

Henderson wipes the blood slowly from his lips. His hand, which trembled at first, is perfectly nerved now. He is pale, but calm, as he points to the brace of pistols on the table.

"I see you are a madman. Take your choice."

Frank takes one up; then lays it down, and throws off his light overcoat. They take their places—the width of the room between them. Ten, fifteen paces! It is life or death now!

"One moment," says Henderson, calmly. "Let me give you a last warning. I've used these in every capital on the continent, and have been called the deadliest shot in all Europe. Are you ready?"

"I am ready!"

"All right."

But ere he raises his hand Henderson steps back and flings open the shutters of the window. A whole morning-full of sunshine streams in, and it is as he stands there in that white blaze of light the first doubting look comes to Frank Shrewsbury's face. A wavering gleam of mistrust crosses his face.

Henderson steps back to his place. Both shielded from the glad sweep of the entering sunlight. Life or death for one of them!

"Are you ready? One—two—three! Fire!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

FRESH BEEF is now being used as a cure for diphtheria. It is bound to the neck, and after about six hours is taken off. It is then quite green and the patient is much relieved.

CASTOR OIL FOR CORNS.—Castor oil applied to the corn, after paring closely, each night before going to bed softens the corn and it becomes as the other flesh.

THE worst case of gravel may be cured, the deposit dissolved and passed away, by using the water in which potatoes have been boiled to pieces. Strain the water, sweeten to taste, and drink for two or three weeks.

WATERPROOF CEMENT FOR AQUARIUM.—Receipt for a cement that is waterproof, and will stand either heat or cold: One part, gutta percha; two parts, pitch; simmered in a ladle, and well stirred. When hot pour it in the joint, and let it cool gradually.

To any quantity of glue use common whisky instead of water. Put both together in a bottle; cork tight, and set it away for three or four days. It will then be fit for use, without the application of heat. It will be found a useful and handy article in every household.

REFRESHING DRINK IN FEVER.—Put a little tea sage, two sprigs of balm, and a little wood sorrel into a stone jug, having first washed and dried them; peel thin a small lemon, and clear from the white, slice it, and put a bit of the peel in, then pour in three pints of boiling water. Sweeten and cover it close.

CHILBLAIN LINIMENT.—One ounce of camphorated spirits of wine, half an ounce of liquid subacetate of lead; mix, and apply in the usual way, three or four times a day. Some persons use vinegar as a preventive; its efficacy might be increased by the addition to the vinegar of one fourth of its quantity of camporated spirits.

AT this time of the year it is of great importance to arrange plants in houses so that they shall have a supply of light somewhat equal to the climate from which they came. All retarded autumn flowers should have as light a situation as possible—near well-cleaned glass and not far from quiet ventilation. A strong draft of air is injurious to them.

HAIR DRESSING.—A nice dressing for the hair is said, by a correspondent of the *Christian Monitor*, to be cold tea. She uses it twice a day, and insures a fine growth of beautiful, luxuriant and healthy hair, with less trouble, no danger of injury to scalp or hair, no expense, and in less time than any or all of the quack mixtures which are so loudly and persistently recommended.

CARE OF CANARIES. — Occasionally place in the water a small piece of the extract of licorice and put between the wires at one end of the centre perch a piece of white sugar. The seed boxes should contain sufficient seed for the day. A mixture of canary, rape and hemp seed is usually given, but hemp seed is too fattening. We have always found canary and rape the best food, with occasionally a little German millet added.

TO REMOVE FLY-SPECKS FROM PAINTINGS WITHOUT INJURING.—Dip a soft rag in finely-powdered and well-sifted Spanish white and rub the surface of the canvas gently with it. This will remove the smoke, dust and grease. Then wash the surface with hardly tepid, clean water by means of a soft sponge, and rub the surface dry by means of a piece of soft chamois leather. The colors appear as fresh as when the painting was new.

CONVERSATION.—A celebrated author says: "If I were to choose the people with whom I would spend my hours of conversation, they should be certainly such as labored no farther than to make themselves readily and clearly apprehended, and would have patience and curiosity to understand me. To have a good sense, and ability to express it, are the most essential and necessary qualities in companions. When thoughts rise in us fit to utter among familiar friends, there needs but very little care in clothing them.

THE SOLDIER'S SON.

BY A. K.

It was a fierce and critical period of the war in the Peninsula, that General Morillo, then commanding the fifth Spanish army, about four thousand strong, passed down the Portuguese frontier to the Lower Guadiana, intending to fall on Seville as soon as Marshal Soult should advance to the succor of Badajoz. In the beginning of April, while the French were disheartened by the sudden news of the fall of that city, Morillo, issuing out of Portugal, crossed the Lower Guadiana, and marched toward Seville.

But the hopes entertained by the Spaniards of being speedily in possession of Seville were cut off by a piece of deceit. False information, adroitly given by a Spaniard in the French interest, led Morillo to believe Soult was close at hand, whereupon he immediately retired to Gibraleon.

This disappointment and failure in the execution of a favorite project, cherished for many months, irritated beyond control the naturally severe temper of General Morillo. It was evening, and the division of the army under him were encamped some hours' march on their retreat. Preparations might have been seen for a military execution; and a couple of French prisoners captured in the last skirmish were, according to the cruel practice of many chiefs in those times, to be put to death. The captives were guarded by a file of soldiers, and the executioners, waiting the word of command to draw up, were leaning on their weapons, and talking of the events of the last two days.

Just then, one of the inferior officers returning to his tent, after giving some order to the men, was interrupted by a boy, apparently ten years of age, who, seizing his hand, and speaking in an accent slightly foreign, besought him, with piteous entreaties, to procure him admittance to the general. The officer found, on inquiry, that he was the son of one of the French prisoners, a soldier distinguished for his eminent personal bravery, who had not been taken, even when overwhelmed by numbers, without giving and receiving many severe wounds.

This soldier, wearied and wounded, but invincible in courage and spirit, for he scorned to ask clemency of his conqueror, was now to suffer death with his companion in misfortune. The terrible order had been given, for Morillo would not be impeded in his march by prisoners; and he so hated the French, that the bravest and most generous among them could have found no mercy at his hands. The prisoner's little boy, refusing to be separated from his father, had been suffered by the Spaniards to follow him.

"You shall see the general, boy, since you wish it," said the officer, in reply to the child's passionate entreaties; "but he will not grant your father's life. San Lucas! but these French dogs have given us too much trouble already."

They entered the general's tent. Morillo, by the light of a lamp burning on the table, was reading a dispatch he had just received. Two of his officers stood near him; but there was no one else in the tent. The brow of the chief was contracted, and his eyes flashed as if what he read displeased him; and he looked up with an impatient exclamation as the officer entered with the boy. The child, as soon as Morillo was pointed out to him, rushed forward, and knelt at his feet.

"What does this mean?" demanded the general.

"Spare him! spare my father!" sobbed the youthful supplicant.

The officer explained his relationship to one of the prisoners about to be executed.

"Ah, that reminds me," said the chief, looking at his watch; "Pedro, nine is the hour. Let them be punctual, and have the business soon over."

Again, with moving entreaties, the child besought his father's life.

"Did your father send you hither?" asked the general.

"No, senor, he did not."

"And how dare you, then——"

"My father has done nothing to deserve death," answered the lad. "He is a prisoner of war."

"Ha! who taught you to question my justice? Answer me."

"No one, senor; but brave generals do not always kill their prisoners."

"I kill whom I choose!" thundered Morillo; "and I hate the French. Boy, your father shall die! I have said it. Begone!"

The officer made a silent sign to the petitioner, to intimate there was no hope, and that he must be gone. But the boy's countenance suddenly changed. He walked up to the general, who had turned away, and placed himself directly before him, with a look of calm resolution of a martyr.

"Hear me, senor," said he, "my father is gray-haired; he is wounded; his strength is failing even now, though he stands up to receive the fire of your men. I am young, and strong, and well. Let them shoot me in his place, and let my father go free."

It was impossible to doubt the sincerity of this offer, for the face of the devoted child was kindled with a holy enthusiasm. A dark flush rushed to the brow of Morillo, and for a moment he looked on the boy in silence.

"You are willing to die," at length he said, "for your father? Then, to suffer pain for him will be nothing? Will you lose one of your ears to save him?"

"I will," was the firm reply.

"Lend me your sword, Pablo," and in an instant, at one blow, the general struck off the boy's ear. The victim wept, but resisted not, nor raised his hand to wipe away the blood.

"So far, good. Will you lose your other ear?"

"I will, to save my father!" answered the boy, convulsively.

Morillo's eyes flashed. The heroism of the child compelled his admiration; but, unmoved from his purpose, he smote off the other ear with his still reeking sword.

There was a dead silence.

"And now, senor?" said the boy, breathing quickly, and looking up into the general's face.

"And now," answered Morillo, "depart. *The father of such a child is dangerous to Spain; he must pay the forfeit of his life!*"

The maimed child went forth from the presence of this inhuman foe. Presently the report of firearms announced that he had witnessed the execution of his father.

BE punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate.

News of Interest

LAST YEAR'S London fogs are said to have cost five hundred lives a week while they lasted.

IT generally takes about a quart of powder and three pounds of lead to arrest a man in Arkansas.

THE doll of the period is provided with every article known to the feminine wardrobe, not omitting bustles and side-combs.

A WISCONSIN MAN lately killed six skunks in one day, and all his neighbors have stopped visiting him and his wife has applied for a divorce.

MANY of the German theatres propose to put a stop to the system of recalls and of throwing bouquets and wreaths on the stage during the progress of an opera or play.

ANOTHER proverbial phrase, "Cheap as dirt," must lose its ancient regard, since we are told that $600,000 are annually paid for the dirt swept from the streets of Paris.

IT is said that capital punishment is likely to be restored in Iowa, as murders have multiplied since its hurried adoption, through the efforts of Mr. Bovee, two years ago.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., has just witnessed the inception of a new journalistic venture in the shape of a daily paper printed on a postal card. This miniature sheet bears the name of the "Post Baby."

LIVERPOOL is experimenting with a new cure for drunkenness. Every Monday morning a list of the public drunkards is published in all the daily papers, giving the names and occupations of the transgressors in full.

PARISIAN ladies are so overburdened with beads and bugles on their costumes now that they go tingling and jingling through the streets like the celebrated old lady who had rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.

AN Indiana judge has decided that if a woman will shorten pie-crust with butter at thirty-eight cents per pound, her husband has good grounds for divorce. The probabilities are that the judge is a "crusty" old bachelor.

AT one of the large fancy goods stores in New York the girls employed are obliged to be on duty during the months of December and January from eight in the morning until ten at night, and receive for their fourteen hours' work the sum of two dollars per week.

AT the late exhibition of the Franklin Institute there were weighed upon the Fairbanks' scales 15,840 men, aggregating 2,314,260 pounds, and 17,137 women, aggregating 2,249,370 pounds, making the average weight of each man 149½ pounds, and of each woman 120 pounds.

BETWEEN eighty and one hundred thousand children of school age are employed in factories and workshops—a large number of both being conducted in tenement-houses—in New York. Under the new law for compulsory education an employer is required to see that such children have a certificate of school attendance in due form.

DR. HILGENDORF, a German anatomist, has discovered that the human cheek-bone is not a single structure, but is divided by a suture into two distinct parts. This no doubt accounts for the wonderful growth and expansion of cheek which characterizes some people—the suture of their osseous facial structure is peculiarly flexible.

ONE who has tried it says that a cup of coffee is a sure barometer if you allow the sugar to drop to the bottom of the cup, and watch the bubbles arise without disturbing the coffee. If the bubbles collect in the middle the weather will be fine; if they adhere to the cup, forming a ring, it will be rainy, and if the bubbles separate, without assuming any fixed position, changeable weather may be expected.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., has adopted a new policy toward tramps. If the impecunious, able-bodied traveler applies there for a night's lodging with supper and breakfast, he is kindly entertained at the public expense. But when morning comes, and he essays to proceed on his journey to some other hospitable town, the keeper points him to a convenient crib of stone, which he is expected to break as an equivalent for his fare. By a special act of the Legislature the city is authorized to detain him until the work is done.

THERE died recently in India a native king, who ruled over a small territory containing less than 1,250,000 inhabitants, but who came of a family of kings beside which the oldest regal families of Europe are as of yesterday. He was the Rana of Oodeypore, and was descended from Rama, who flourished about three thousand years ago, and in whom, according to Hindoo mythology, Vishnu was incarnate. He was regarded by the Hindoos with a degree of sacred reverence, and possessed some religious authority, which, however, was only exercised to a very limited extent.

THE royal families of Europe furnish some remarkable exceptions to the prevailing belief in physical degeneration through intermarriage. The Emperor William is perhaps physically the finest man that has reigned since Charlemagne. His nephew, the Red Prince, is a formidable hussar. The Prince of Wales and the King of Italy are both excellent horsemen. The Emperor of Russia is remarkable for his gigantic strength and great physical endurance. The Bourbons show more signs of decay, but one of them, the Duc d'Aumale, is the very type of the cultivated but over-stern general. Don Carlos is six feet one inch in height, and three of his brothers have earned military distinction in various capacities.

THE following description of a dress worn by a young lady at a recent ball in Marshall, Texas, is taken from an East Texas paper. The dress represented the first flag of the Confederacy. On her arm she bore the flag adopted by the Confederate National Congress. On the lower skirt were stars for the States, with the name and seal of each State in the centre; photographs of Confederate generals were on the upper skirt, together with pictures of the Alabama and Sumter; on her shoulders were streamers of the successful battles; manacles and chains were on her arms; a coronet of the seceded States was on her head, and rising above them was a black veil, representing the gloom thrown over them. This was fastened with the dagger of oppression.

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JOHN SMITH.

BY MAURICE F. EAGAN.

"What's in a name?" asks Juliet. Here we have a John Smith whose name brings to our minds as many thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes as the most unique and mellifluous cognomen of any romance hero. Captain John Smith was one of the lights of our early American history; had he been a fixed star, instead of a brilliant meteor, his name would now have a stronger claim to our remembrance than the mere romance of his existence can ever give. His character is hard to analyse. He was sagacious, brave and energetic. He was not wholly without moral principle, and yet he had not sufficient to keep him steady. He was strangely inconsistent; he did not scruple to join in a piratical expedition, but he strongly objected to swearing.

He was born, in 1579, in Willoughby, England. He was left an orphan in his boyhood. Even while at school he showed an unconquerable propensity for a roving life. He sold his books and satchel in order to obtain the means of going to sea, but the news of his father's death prevented him from starting. His guardian left him to his own devices until he was old enough to be apprenticed to a Lynn merchant. He soon took French leave of his humdrum employment, and entered the service of some noblemen who were about to make the tour of the continent. After their arrival in France these gentlemen dismissed him with sufficient means to return to England, but gay Paris had bewitched him. He was now fifteen, handsome, witty and graceful, looking much older than he was. At Paris he met a Scotchman, who took a fancy to him, and, anxious that his *protege* should profit by the patronage of "the wisest fool in Europe," and perhaps not averse himself to having a grateful friend at court, advised him to become a courtier to King James I. The Scotchman gave not only advice, but money and letters of introduction. Smith started for Scotland, but, changing his mind, enlisted as a soldier at Rouen. After four years of military life he was left without prospects and utterly penniless. His Scotch letters of introduction now came into use. He was hospitably entertained in Scotland, but the cringing hypocrisy of a courtier's life had no charms for him.

John Smith next became a hermit. "In woodie pasture, environed with many hundred acres of other woods," he amused himself by practising, like our Southern knights of modern times, with a "good horse, lance and ring." He built himself a lodge, and with two books upon the art of war for his only companions, dwelt there until an Italian gentleman, of the Earl of Lincoln's household, enticed him from his woody "pavilion."

Having given up his solitary life, Smith went to London. There he fell among thieves — four Frenchmen — who, inducing him to embark on a vessel bound for France, stole ashore at midnight with the clothes and money of their victim. He afterwards met one of these "sharpers" in a wood. The swords of the two out-flashed in an instant. Smith was victorious, and in the presence of witnesses forced his opponent to acknowledge his guilt.

The armies of the Emperor of Germany were then doing battle against the Turks. Smith scented the battle from afar, and resolved to throw himself into the strife. He had become acquainted with the Earl of Ployer, who supplied him with funds. On his way he became the object of superstitious fear to his fellow-voyagers, and he was thrown overboard, to appease the fury of the storm. Among his many accomplishments was the art of swimming. He did not lose his usual self-possession, but calmly made his way through the surging waves, until, exhausted and panting, he reached the isle of St. Mary, off the coast of Savoy. The island was uninhabited.

Smith would now have had an opportunity of being a recluse in earnest, had not Captain La Roche's vessel touched at the isle, and rescued him. Falling in with a Venetian merchant ship, laden with treasures of velvets, tissues of gold, and precious stones, La Roche captured her. "Five hundred sequins, and a box of jewels," were, we are informed, Smith's share of the booty. He had not scrupled about his share of the fighting, and he did not scruple about his share of the spoil. With a purse filled by this act of plunder, he started on an Italian tour.

At last he succeeded in joining the army of the Emperor Rodolph. His reckless bravery, his wonderful power of adapting himself to circumstances, and his ingenuity, soon made him a favorite. He invented signals and pyrotechnical instruments of destruction, for which services he was placed in command of a company of cavalry.

In a tournament given by the Mohammedan and Christian knights, before the walls of Regall, for the amusement of the Turkish ladies, lots were drawn to decide the honor of accepting the challenge of the Turk, Lord Turbishaw. Captain Smith was delegated to meet the challenger. The Christian and Mohammedan legions were spectators of the combat, and the walls of Regall were crowded by the veiled belles of the harem. Lord Turbishaw was appareled in all the gorgeous trappings that Oriental taste could devise. Smith, mounted on a well-trained steed, advanced to meet the puissant Turkish Emir. The combat was short. Turbishaw was struck, dying, from his steed. Smith dismounted, cut off the head of the Turk, and presented it to Prince Moyses, who, with the Earl of Meldritch, commanded the forces. Two other champions presented themselves, only to fall before the undaunted English knight. The Prince of Transylvania conferred on him a title of nobility. His coat of arms consisted of three Turks' heads upon a shield, with a motto in Latin, "Vincere est vivere"—"To conquer is to live."

He was taken prisoner, and sold in the slave market of Axiopolis to Bashaw Bogale, who sent him as a present to the lovely Charatza Tragabigzanda. This beauty of the harem became interested in her handsome slave, and sent him to her Tartar brother, who *was* a Tartar, as Smith soon found. Unwilling to endure slavery, he killed Timour the Tartar, and, mounted on his late master's charger, fled to a Russian garrison on the Don. Here he met with another compassionate woman, "the good Lady Callamanta." He was set free and supplied with money.

After many adventures, he returned to England in 1604. He was too restless to remain long in his native land. He entered heart and soul into the scheme of colonising America. James I. granted a patent for the colonization of Virginia to Gosnold, Wingfield, and others, and with a company numbering one hundred and five, Smith sailed for Virginia in December, 1606. This vessel was under the command of Captain Newport.

Smith's sound judgment and energy soon placed him at the head of affairs. His government of the disaffected colonists at Jamestown deservedly gained for him the name of the father of the colony. Many times his promptness and acuteness saved the settlement from utter ruin. In the new world as in the old, he was indebted for his life to womanly compassion. The beautiful story of Pocahontas has become a part of our history. In 1609, a wound which Captain Smith had received, obliged him to return to England for medical aid. The result of his absence was soon apparent. The colonists wasted their provisions, the period known as *starving times* followed, and in six months their number was reduced from five hundred to sixty.

Smith never returned to the colony. In 1612, he published a map of Virginia, and two years later engaged in an expedition for seeking gold and copper mines in New England, and whale fishing. After the massacre at Jamestown, in 1622, he made every effort to enlist others to restore the nearly exterminated colony. Smith's services were no longer remembered; he received no reward, and the government of the colony passed into new hands.

He died in 1631. "His sagacity, his fierce will, his quick perceptions, his executive mind," says a recent biographer of this remarkable man, "should have crowned his declining years with success; but his several desperado qualities, and the lack of stability and Christian spirit, made his old age and his memory as mournful as the broken, ivy-mantled tower, which is all that remains of the city which he founded—a picturesque ruin."

STUDIES FROM MY WINDOW.

BY H. WATSON FLEMING.

No. 15—NEW WORK FOR THE NEW YEAR.

One of my neighbors needed a boy to assist in the counting-house at his place of business, and he desired me to recommend him a trustworthy youth. I thought of little Walter Jamison, and wondered if he would be too small.

Walter was the only son of a poor widow, who made a very frugal living in a small store. He was very anxious to help, I knew, so I sent for him.

"Oh! sir," said he, "how kind of you to think of me. It would be the very thing."

He would have said that, no matter what employment was offered him; but in this case I agreed with him. His duties would be light, just suited to his strength, and I had sufficient faith in him to believe that he would very soon master all the little details of his work.

He was delighted when I gave him a written recommendation. Already his youthful imagination had passed over years of labor. "I'll do my best to please," he said, "and in the evenings I can study book-keeping;" then perhaps——" He said no more, but I could see that he had already placed himself at the cashier's desk, and was working himself toward a partnership in the firm.

Still the fact remained that at present he was very small. Thinking of this his eyes went down to the level of his book.

"Perhaps Mr. Williams won't engage me, sir. I may not be old enough; but indeed I would work very hard," he said.

"See him to-morrow," I said, assuringly. "It is New Year's Day—a first-rate day to make a new beginning."

To-morrow came. All night long little Walter had dreamed of fairy spells to make a boy grow taller, and of little New Year sprites, who held many destinies in their nimble fingers. Indeed, he did look taller when, full of the new dignity of employment-seeking, like a man, he paused for a moment on his way to wish me the compliments of the season. He had assumed a new gait too, which he must have studied on the night before. No longer did he walk with the wearied leisure of the schoolboy—hastening his footsteps for a moment, then pausing to examine every new device. He walked at an equal, measured pace, and held himself erect, as if the importance of his mission was above all trivial things, superior to the pleasures of yesterday.

Mr. Williams examined my *protege* curiously. At first he shook his head, but Walter pleaded for a trial, and the heart of my friend was touched.

"You will find me very handy for a boy of my age; at least, my mother says so."

"But wouldn't you rather be at play with your companions," said the manufacturer. "Come now," he continued, seriously, "don't you think you would leave me in a week, or be sick and send excuses, or fall down and hurt yourself, or lose your way? Wouldn't you do any of these, eh?"

"No, sir, I would not," said Walter, drawing himself up to his full height.

"Why not?"

"Because I never did, and I am old enough not to begin now."

"Never stayed away from school on your own account, eh? Never played truant to go fishing, or anything of that sort?"

"No, sir, never."

"Well, then, master immaculate, I'll try you. But first let me tell you that the only holidays I allow are Good Friday, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day and at Christmas. That frightens you, doesn't it? You won't engage now, will you?"

"Yes, sir, indeed I will."

"You'll suit. Let your mother come with you to-morrow morning, and we'll talk about the terms."

Walker thanked him, and would have left hurriedly. He wanted to give vent to his great glee by indulging in one long run home for the last, but his new employer stayed him and told him to sit down.

Walter wonderingly obeyed.

"I may as well tell you the story now as at any other time. Besides, I have leisure to-day, and I wish you to hear it. It is that of a poor boy, like yourself, who has succeeded in life."

Walter was no longer in any hurry to depart. This was just the kind of story he wished to hear.

"Does it refer to yourself, sir?" he inquired, curiously.

"Yes," replied Mr. Williams, calmly. "You must know that upon a certain New Year's Day, very many years ago, I found myself, hungry and penniless, in the streets of this city. My parents were both dead. I had no friends, no work, no prospects, no food. For a week or more I had subsisted upon charity, but that morning I awakened with a changed heart.

"Another page in my life is written, I thought. The page is turned over; to-day represents the first line. What shall be written on it?

"I determined, like yourself, that I would seek employment. I tried it; but, being poor and friendless, I failed entirely.

"Never mind, I thought, the first line has very little written upon it; but I have *tried*, and I can try again.

"Next day I commenced my applications earlier, and this time in the suburbs of the city. It was bitterly cold, but still I persevered, and my efforts were rewarded with strange success.

"An elderly gentleman seemed to pity me.

"'What can you do?' said he.

"'Not much, I fear, but I am willing to do anything,' I answered.

"I was shivering with the cold, and the gentleman took me in. When I was warmed and rested and had partaken of food, he came into the kitchen to me. He took me into the garden. The ground was hard with continued frost.

"'Can you dig, do you think?' he said.

"I was quite willing to do anything, so he set me to dig a hole in the frozen ground. It was to be two feet square and about one foot deep. I thought it an easy task, but I was mistaken. The ground was as hard as iron.

"He left me, and I persevered. At last the work was accomplished. He then gave me some trifling tasks to perform in the house, and bid me stay there until the day following.

"Next day my hole, and the earth I had removed from it, was frozen nearly as hard as before. To my surprise, my new friend set me to fill it up again. That accomplished, he bid me dig it four feet square. I accomplished this task also.

"'I have changed my mind,' he said, when the work was done; 'I want it filled again, and leveled over.'

"He watched me curiously, evidently expecting me to make some observation, but I thought he must know best, so I said nothing. When I had finished I accompanied him to the house.

"'Don't you think it strange,' he said, 'that I should set you to dig holes and fill them up again?'

"I did think it strange, but I supposed he had some object in it, and I told him so.

"'I had an object,' he replied; 'I wished to see if you were really willing to work. Do you know that I have set grown men to do what you have done?'

"I thought how easy it must be for grown men to accomplish such a task.

"'One dug the first hole, and then refused to fill it up again. Another filled it, and refused to dig the second, saying that he "wasn't born to work for fools." A third had dug the second hole, but positively declined to level that. He said if I changed my mind I might fill that myself. Another wanted *reasons* for everything. You have done exactly what I bid you, and now I am about to take you to see my manager.'

"The result was I was well clothed and fed. Lucrative employment was given me, and I have prospered. All of my success in life is due to my having dug holes and filled them up again."

The manufacturer paused, and Walter smiled. He was quite willing to repeat the experiment.

"Now don't you see what I wish you to understand by this?" said Mr. Williams, warmly.

"You wish me to do my duty without stopping to inquire the motive, leaving that for the future to explain?" said Walter, candidly.

"Exactly," replied Williams, with a pleased look. "If you are ever tempted to think, 'I can't do so and so; it is too simple; the work is beneath me,' think of my little story. You will have nothing set you to do that is not quite right and proper, and you must leave it to your employers to determine its desirability. If your task is too heavy, ask then to be relieved, but if you think it beneath your dignity say nothing."

Walter promised that he would be so advised, and he speedily ran home to tell his mother of his success, and to relate his new adventures.

An agreement was made next day, and Walter entered upon his new duties. Several "Happy New Year's" have passed since then, and the mother no longer keeps a little store, but resides with her son, who expects to be cashier when (as will to-morrow be declared) the present holder of that important office enters the firm as a partner.

"Perhaps one day I may become a partner, too," thinks Walter, and should such an event occur perhaps he will take a partner himself.

THE BEARSKIN SUIT;
AND
"THEREBY HANGS A TALE."

BY CAPTAIN JAMES.

A pleasant man was Pilkington Jones, who loved a jovial evening with his friends, a glass of wine, and a good joke. A worthy man, too, was he, the most exemplary of husbands and the most indulgent of fathers. Ah! but he had his weakness—pray which of us have not, my cynical friend?—and his weakness was weakness of intellect; in short, he was a very good, a very respectable, a very kind-hearted, but a very weak man.

It was Christmas time, and Mr. Jones invited all his own relations and his wife's relations to dinner. A pleasant evening they passed; they ate and they drank, and they talked and they sang—they ate until they were more than satisfied, drank till they were very jolly, talked themselves dry and sang themselves hoarse. Far be it from me to assert that any of the party had drank more than he ought; but it was the "festive season," you know, and they had all grazed the line of moderation, and Mr. Jones, being naturally light-headed, had become exceedingly "jolly."

When, with wishes for "many happy returns," the relations at last withdrew, the children went to bed, and Mrs. Jones, escorted by one of the servants, departed also, Mr. Jones, for the sake of a little exercise, paraded up and down the sitting-room, whistling an air from the "Grande Duchesse," and whistling it out of time.

This gentleman's eldest son, Pilkington Jr., who had inherited all his father's amiable qualities, and his empty-headedness into the bargain, had slipped off from the paternal house, by the back door, as soon as the guests began to leave, to keep an appointment with a set of scapegrace cronies, who were preparing for a mask-ball which was to take place the next night.

Pilkington, senior, having wearied himself, opened the door and went upstairs, a process attended with difficulties, which would have proved serious but for the assistance of the banisters. Arriving safely, he observed his son's door open, so he walked into the room, impelled either by curiosity or by a desire for a little more conversation.

Not finding the young man, he was about leaving the room again, when his attention was attracted by an extraordinary-looking object. It was a bearskin suit in which Pilkinson, junior, intended to appear at the masquerade. Mr. Jones, senior, turned this dress over and over, and its originality attracted his attention—it being so arranged that the wearer was covered with fur from head to foot, and looked precisely like a black bear escaped from a traveling circus. Now, Madam Jones was nearly as great a fool as her husband, and that is saying a good deal, and an idea entered the head of Jones, *pere*, to play a little practical joke on madam. So, with a quiet chuckle, he arrayed himself in the suit and walked to his wife's door. Finding, however, one of the maids with her mistress, he retreated down stairs to the sitting-room, intending to wait till his good lady was alone. Taking up a book he seated himself and commenced to read. The book happened to be a recent semi-medical work, treating of dreams, spiritual manifestations, and things supernatural generally. He read on until he fell asleep, with his head on the table and the book on his lap. As he slumbered strange fancies floated through his brain, when suddenly a piercing shriek brought him to his feet. The maid, after assisting her mistress to retire, had left the chamber; as she passed the sitting-room she saw there was still a light in it, and thinking that it had been forgotten, she entered precipitately to extinguish it.

There in the dead of night she stood, and saw before her a monstrous black bear fast asleep, snoring loudly, with its head on the table and its snout up in the air, a silk pocket-handkerchief over one knee and a book open on the other. No wonder that she screamed!

But the shriek which testified to her fear frightened poor Pilkington Jones out of the few senses he did possess.

He sprang up bewildered with dreams, sadly confused by his late heavy potations. Opposite him was a large looking-glass. Forgetting entirely all the circumstances connected with the bearskin suit, and with the last impression produced by his dreams stamped upon his brain, he jumped to the conclusion that he was either bewitched or suddenly attacked with *mania-a-potu*. Full of this idea, he dashed down stairs, opened the front door and rushed into the street, yelling and shouting in a voice which sounded hollow and fearful.

In an adjoining street lived a fair damsel, of considerable personal, but superior pecuniary attractions, who was loved to distraction by a clerk in a grocery store. The young man had been tenderly regarded by the beloved one, but not countenanced by the parents. Sometimes, as a means of testifying his devotion, he would secure several musicians to perform, during the silent watches of the night, below the window of his adored.

On the present occasion, the "band" was playing "Still So Gently O'er Me Stealing," when a discordant howl produced a sudden pause in their music not noted in the score, and the apparition of a monstrous bear running into the midst of them upon its hind legs, caused such a panic among the sons of Orpheus, that, casting their instruments at the dreaded object, they took to their heels, followed by the palpitating lover, shouting "police! police!"

Poor Pilkington Jones' head was never very clear, and the summons for the police produced such a thorough condition of fright that he completely lost himself. His bewilderment became greater at every step, and he was nearly dead with terror, when suddenly a familiar voice smote upon his ear—the voice of his eldest son. That young gentleman was returning from his appointment with the ball managers. He had imbibed a considerable amount of wine before leaving home, and had absorbed a good deal more during the pauses in the arduous labors of the "committee;" he was, therefore, in a very lively condition, singing to himself at the top of his voice. But now he saw something which sobered him instantaneously. Nothing less than his own masquerading bearskin suit, which he had left hanging over the back of a chair in his own room, walking deliberately toward him, as though the spirit of the departed Bruin had retenanted his former skin and was coming in the dead of night to demand a reckoning of him who had dared to use it. He stood for a moment with pale face and staring eyes, when hearing his own name articulated in hollow tones, he turned and fled like the wind, pursued by the avenging bearskin.

When the young man turned his white face over his shoulder, he saw the creature gaining upon him and heard its hollow calls. It doubled and rushed after him, turn where he would, and at last he ran straight for home. It was his custom to leave the house by the back door and clamber over the yard-railing whenever he went out on his night expeditions, and now he made for the rear entrance, hoping to escape before the skin could overtake him. He reached the railings. It was a difficult and delicate matter to surmount them with time—but now that it was to be accomplished in no time at all, it was hazardous in the extreme.

He, however, reached the top, and was preparing to jump down, when a furry paw grasped his ankle, and the monster proceeded to climb up holding on to his leg. The poor youth vainly writhed and strained to be free, vociferating loudly for help. The creature reached the top and clasped him round the waist. Both leaped together, and were brought up with a jerk.

The rails were topped with sharp dart or spear-heads, and one of these caught in the skin, so that Mr. Jones and his son were suspended in mid-air, the latter in the arms of his father. Both shouted for assistance; soon lights were seen, the back door was opened, and the coachman appeared, followed by Madam Jones half dressed, but with her night-cap on her head. The youth called to the servant to get his pistol and shoot the monster.

The man disappeared for a moment, returning with a pistol in each hand; and it is more than probable that the son would have been an accessory to the shooting of his own father, had not the buttons of the suit just then given way with a burst, and slipped Jones, *pere et fils*, in a heap on the ground, leaving the bearskin torn and dangling on the spike of the rails.

"Thank goodness! I'm safe at last," exclaimed Mr. Jones.

"My father!" cried the flower of the family.

"My husband!" shouted the lady.

"Mr. Jones!" ejaculated the coachman.

"And my bearskin suit!" said Pilkington, junior.

"Confound your bearskin suit!" said Pilkington, senior. "Let's all go to bed, and say nothing more about it."

THE NEW YEAR COMPACT.

BY L. CHURCHILL.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis were not in their honeymoon, by any means. That delightful luminary, after beaming upon this pair its allotted time, had been laid aside (as all honeymoons after the first four weeks of happiness seem to be) ten years before the opening of our story. Not that I mean they had ceased to love each other after the mystical four weeks so denominated had waned, by no means. I believe they were in reality as much lovers at heart as they had been years before.

They had their faults, their weaknesses, and I regret it, their differences. Mrs. Willis was naturally of a quick temper, easily worried, as she said; and Mr. Willis, while he deplored the infirmity which seemed growing and strengthening with each succeeding year, yet found no cause for blame to be attributed to himself. He even believed that because he treated these nervous outbreaks with dignified composure, never retaliating or blaming his wife, that he had done all he could, and wished in his heart Jennie would give up her fits of nervous irritability, and appear like the Jennie of other days, feeling totally unable to solve the mystery of such a change. Having no occasion to struggle daily with a hasty temper, he could not understand how things which he would pass over without a thought of being disturbed by them had power to make his wife miserable for a whole day. While she, knowing his cool, even temperament, felt that he could not sympathize with her petty troubles and annoyances, and tormented herself with the fear that he would cease to love her, believing her unreasonable.

Tears generally wound up the entertainment for the unhappy woman, when the language of her heart was, "Oh, if Fritz could understand how little things worry me! If he would even scold me he might afterwards feel pity for me on that account; but he can't appreciate my trials, my struggles. My few victories he does not notice, but every defeat by my besetting sin is made plain and glaring."

Here she would renew the tears, and while lamenting the cause, and giving herself full blame, would conclude there never was so miserable a woman blessed with so good, noble, and irreproachable a husband.

When next Mr. Willis met his wife she wore a look half-penitent, half-pleading, and wholly loving. Had Fritz then said, "Jennie, dear, I am glad to find you happier than when I left you, for I hate to see you suffering from annoyance;" and had he then given the struggling wife a kiss of love, all would have been well. She would have gathered strength for the next trial.

But no such mention was ever made. Probably he felt a change, and was glad of it, but he never spoke of his feelings if he did; and after dinner, if he did not immediately lose himself and all sense of his surroundings in the perusal of a paper, he generally threw himself upon the sofa and effectually accomplished it by falling asleep. Then Mrs. Willis, who had all day looked forward for this quiet hour for enjoyment and a reward for her success in governing herself and keeping her heart as near right as possible, threw down her work, and gave herself up to a host of bitter fancies and reflections.

It was on such a night as this, the week before New Year's Day, that, deeply grieved, disappointed, and almost frenzied by her husband's apparent forgetfulness of her very existence, she began pacing the room, for no reason but because she could not sit still.

The tears fell thick and fast, and her sobs at length awoke Fritz, who asked, kindly enough, as usual, "What is the matter, Jennie? Has anything happened?"

"No, nothing; only I am very nervous and lonesome."

"You must try to overcome these nervous attacks, Jennie. I wonder if you had some strengthening medicine, or something of that sort, it would do you good, and cure you of those blue feelings?"

"I do not need medicine. I am not ill;" and she mentally added, "only at heart."

"Well, no doubt you are tired out with worrying yourself. Suppose we retire; I'm terribly sleepy."

"But it is so early, Fritz; the evening is not half gone. Besides, I did so want to chat with you to-night. I believe, Fritz, you are losing all love for me or my society."

Here she broke down completely. A soothing word or two, a gesture even, expressing a deep love for her, and an assurance of his attachment, would have been a balm to her sore spirit; but, aggrieved as she felt by his forgetfulness of her during the evening, his reply grated harshly on her ear, and the light laugh went to her heart like a taunt, as he replied:

"Why, you must be crazy. Don't you see me every day and evening that you want to chat with me? I am more of the opinion now than ever that you need medical advice."

There was no use trying to make him understand her feelings; with every effort they seemed to get further apart, and for the first time it struck her that if they were to live on in this way, life had no pleasure, earth no attraction, and she should be glad to die.

Very miserable was she as she rose and prepared to retire, feeling that sleep would be a stranger to her eyes; but she acted in obedience to her husband's wish, for no good could come of remaining there, only to get her own feelings more excited, and to make no advancement toward the point at which she aimed.

Lying on her wakeful pillow, with her hands tightly clasped over her breast, she moaned in anguish:

"Oh, if Fritz would only believe me how I try! if he would only tell me he loves me—only give me now and then a kiss or an occasional embrace, as he used to do when I was younger and prettier! It would be so much easier to do right after I earned his approval."

Then a hope, born of her despair, it might be, came in the form of a suggestion, bringing comfort to her weary, troubled heart; and, with a long, deep sigh of relief, she raised herself carefully, so as not to disturb her husband, kissed him tenderly, and murmuring, "It is worth the trial," fell back on the pillow, and in another moment was sleeping the deep sleep of exhaustion.

When Fritz arose in the morning, he did not disturb her, she looked so pale and weary, and thoughtless as he might be in some things, he was easily alarmed concerning her health. Perhaps if Jennie Willis had heard him murmur, as he bent over her and left a light kiss on her brow, "Dear Jennie, I am really afraid she is ill; she looks as though she had not slept till morning. I must watch her, for I could not bear to lose my little wife," she might have found herself "without a cause of just complaint."

No need, Fritz, to be so careful; no need to touch her brow so lightly with your loved lips; if she should waken, that voluntary caress would do her more good than "balmy sleep."

Mr. Willis ate his breakfast alone, and went to his office, after charging the servant to tell her mistress he would not suffer her to be disturbed, as she looked pale and ill; that he would come home early, and, if she felt able, they would go out together, and select some New Year's gifts for their two children, a son and a daughter, aged nine and seven years.

Perhaps you expect that when Mrs. Willis found her husband had gone, without so much as saying "Good morning," she immediately went into a fit of the sulks, and made herself as unhappy as circumstances would allow. If so, you are mistaken. She arose refreshed, quiet, and hopeful.

The secret of this change was a remembrance of the suggestion that had acted so like a soothing syrup the night before, and still came over her at intervals like a breath from heaven; and that you may the better judge, I must tell you what this idea was.

It was nothing more nor less than to write a letter to her husband, telling him freely all her trials, all her temptations, her daily endeavors, her fear of losing his love, and her wild love for himself; to beg him not to treat as childish things the petty vexations that met her at every turn, but to help her by his love, and encourage her by his manifest appreciation when she did conquer and met him with smiles; and, if he did love, and would manifest openly and plainly, from day to day, that he felt such love—if he would be patient still, and, above all, believe that she was trying to overcome this irritability—if he could and would do all this, she, on her part, would promise to do all in her power to make his life, his home, and his children happy, and to lay aside all vexation and unkind words and feelings, and, at midnight on New Year's Eve, let them set their names to a written contract, pledging themselves to all these things.

The letter was written, and given into his hand; and very anxiously she watched him as he read.

He did not treat it lightly. He read it seriously, and folded it up in an absent, thoughtful kind of way, then put it in his pocket, but "nothing spake." I think he must have understood much that had been Greek to him before, and I hope the reveries did him good.

I have not much more to tell you, except of the ratification of that bond on New Year's Eve.

On that night Fritz and his wife were seated in their cozy room, awaiting the death of the old year and the birth of the new. Friends had tried to persuade him to join them at the club, but he quietly and firmly refused, preferring to watch with Jennie the flight of 1874.

His watch lay open on the table, the hand pointing to five minutes of twelve. Taking from his pocket the "compact," he signed his name in bold characters, and passed it to his wife, with the simple word, "Sign."

Was it the solemnity of that midnight hour, when the old year was dying and the new being born, which caused her tears to flow so freely? or was it that she felt the importance of what they were then doing to influence their future lives? I know not; but, though they were solemn tears, they were not bitter ones, such as she once shed.

Repressing them, she signed her name, and was clasped in her husband's arms, while the compact was sealed with a long, tender kiss of love.

The chimes burst forth, proclaiming the departure of the old year, and, with his arms around her, Mr. Willis murmured:

"A happy New Year to you, darling."

FAIRIES COLUMN
FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS

MARIAN'S GOLDEN BASKET.

BY MYRTLE BLOSSOM.

Two sisters lived together in the woods, Marian and Delia. Marian was gentle and amiable; but Delia was extremely selfish. She always took the largest half of the loaf, the best apple, the warmest seat, and all the money that they earned by spinning.

Now one time they both desired to go to the King's ball; but to go, they must spin night and day to earn dresses fit to wear at court. While they were spinning, and never saying a word lest they should not spin fast enough, a sparrow with its wing broken hopped feebly in at the door. Marian, whose heart was full of pity, took it up.

"See," she said, "it is not at all afraid. It likes me to caress it."

But the elder sister burst into a rage, and seeing the sparrow, dashed it on the stones and killed it.

"Fool," she said, "mind your spinning!"

But Marian was very sorry, and buried the sparrow secretly.

Delia had promised Marian half the money; but when the spinning was done, she said, "There will not be too much money to buy me such a dress as I want. I have set my heart on a cherry brocade, with a train."

So she took all the money. Marian did not think of disputing with her sister, but she was miserably disappointed; and going out by the sparrow's grave, she sat down and cried.

"Why do you cry?" asked a tiny voice.

Looking about, she saw a beautiful little maiden, swinging in her morning glory.

"Tell me your trouble," said the little maid. "I am the sparrow to whom you were so kind, and I can help you. Do you want a dress, to wear at the King's ball?"

"Oh, yes," answered Marian, eagerly.

Then the little maid took out a spindle, and began to spin, singing:

"Spin, spin, distaff spin,
Gold without, and silk within."

as she rocked to and fro in her morning-glory; and while Marian was yet wondering, she had spun a gold basket of gold thread, not larger than your finger. As soon as it touched the ground it began to grow, and lifting the corner, what do you think Marian saw?

Why, a white satin dress, with a blue velvet train, white satin slippers, a gold comb, a diamond girdle, and a fan made of splendid pink feathers.

Almost beside herself with joy, Marian ran to show her treasures to Delia.

"But a fine figure you will cut, miss," said Delia, angrily, "going to court in satin and diamonds, while your elder sister wears only a cherry brocade! Here!" snatching the basket. "This is mine. You may take my cherry brocade."

Marian could not help crying at this, and said she would stay at home.

"That you shall not, Miss Minx," answered Delia. "Everybody will ask where my sister is, and what should I say? Come, put on the brocade. It is good enough for you, and stop your crying. You are not too beautiful when you look your best."

Then Marian put on the brocade, and went out, to get away from her unkind sister; but secretly she determined not to go to the court. As she wandered about, however, she tripped on something, and, looking down, saw a basket, exactly like the one Delia had taken from her. She seized and opened it eagerly, and there she beheld the satin dress, the velvet train, the diamond girdle, and the gold comb, and she gathered up her long hair with the comb, and slipped off the brocade, and put on the satin dress; and when she came to court every one thought that she was some great princess, and the King's son danced with her first.

All this time Delia waited at home till she thought that Marian was far enough away, and then she braided her hair in hundreds of plaits, and painted her face like a doll's.

"I will come late," she said to herself, "when everybody else is red and tired with dancing, and, passing Marian with a 'How do, sis?' I will walk quite up to the head of the room, where the King's son will come and ask me to dance. Who knows if I shall not please him so much that he will ask me to be his wife; and, if he does, Marian shall be my chamber-maid——But, oh, oh!"

What had happened? Why Delia had opened the basket as she spoke, and instead of the dress, which she thought was lying there, out sprang two little goblins. One seized her hands, and the other her feet; and there they held her until morning, spite of her kicks and screams, so that she never went near the court at all.

But Marian married the Prince, who fell in love with her beauty and her sweetness.

The Ant and the Caterpillar.

A FABLE.

As a caterpillar was advancing very slowly along one of the alleys of a beautiful garden, he was met by a pert, lively ant, who, tossing up her head with a scornful air, cried: "Prithee, get out of the way, thou poor creeping animal, and do not presume to obstruct the paths of thy superiors, by wriggling along the road, and besmearing the walks appropriated to their footsteps. Poor creature! thou lookest like a thing half made, which nature not liking, threw by unfinished. I could almost pity thee, methinks; but it is beneath one of my quality to talk to such mean creatures as thou art; and so, poor crawling wretch, adieu."

The humble caterpillar, struck dumb with this disdainful language, retired, went to work, wound himself up in a silken cell, and at the appointed time came out a beautiful butterfly. Just as he was sallying forth, he observed the scornful ant passing by.

"Proud insect," said he, "stop a moment, and learn from the circumstances in which you now see me, never to despise any one for that condition in which Providence has seen fit to place him; as there is none so mean but may one day be exalted above those who looked down upon him with unmerited contempt."

Moral.—Boys of no very promising appearance often become the greatest men.

JOHNNY'S FORTUNE.

BY W. F. SHAW.

Johnny went out to seek his fortune, because he was tired of staying at home to chop wood, go after the cows, and bring water from the spring.

"What will you bring us home, Johnny?" asked his brothers and sisters, laughing.

"Nothing," answered Johnny, surlily. "I don't intend to come home again at all. When I find my fortune, whatever it is, I shall marry an heiress. Then some day, perhaps, I will come lolling back in my carriage, and with my servants riding behind me. You will come out bowing and curtseying before such a great man; but I shall take no notice of you, till I see my mother, when I will order one of my servants to toss her a gold piece. We will all ride by like a whirlwind."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed they; "but won't you bring the heiress to see us, Johnny?"

Johnny made no answer when he found they only laughed at his airs; but putting some bread and cold meat in his pocket, he buttoned up his coat and started off. It was not a very pleasant time to seek one's fortune, for it was winter, and the snow lay deep on the ground; but Johnny trudged along contentedly for awhile, expecting every moment to see his fortune; when, however, he saw nothing of it, and began to find his shoes wet through, and his fingers aching with cold, he sat down on a stile, and taking out his bread and meat, began to eat it.

"I have gone after my fortune as far as I am going," said he; "and I don't mean to trudge another foot. Now my fortune can come to me."

By-and-by a squirrel came skipping that way.

"What are you sitting there for?" asked the squirrel, stopping to look at Johnny.

"I am waiting for my fortune to come along."

"Oh, you are!" said the squirrel. "When I want any nuts, I always have to go after them."

"Very likely," said Johnny. "There is as much difference between nuts and fortune as between a boy and squirrel, I think."

"Very likely," replied the squirrel. "But I have no time to be talking here." And he skipped off.

Johnny sat there a while longer, and a little bird came hopping along, and stopped to peer at him.

"What in the world are you sitting there for, boy?" asked the bird.

"Waiting for my fortune, bird," said Johnny.

"But are you sure it will come along?" asked the bird.

"Of course," said Johnny, with a grand air.

"How nice," rejoined birdie. "I wish I was so lucky. Now when I want anything, if it is only a worm, I have to peep and look and scratch about in the snow, till sometimes I am quite tired out."

"That is because you are nothing but a miserable little bird," returned Johnny, scornfully; but as soon as the bird had hopped away, he could not help saying to himself, "I wish my fortune would come, if it is coming. My fingers ache so, and I can't feel my toes at all."

Just then trotted along a big brown bear.

"How now!" growled the bear, "what a simpleton you must be, to sit out there and shiver!"

"I am waiting for my fortune," said Johnny, much more civilly than he had spoken to the pretty little bird, for he was terribly afraid of the bear.

"Where is your fortune?" asked the bear.

"Coming," said Johnny.

"Well, you must be an idiot!" growled the bear, and trotted on, laughing to himself.

Somebody else was laughing, too, and that was the brook-goblin, who had heard every word from behind the rocks, over which the brook tumbled.

"Since nobody else will give Johnny his fortune, I shall be obliged to bring him his fortune myself," said the goblin, who is always ready for mischief; so as Johnny sat shivering and groaning he saw a tall, white figure coming out of the forest.

"I am your fortune," said the figure; "follow me."

Then Johnny got down very slowly, for he was so stiff he could scarcely move; but much delighted, thinking that now his fortune had really come; but unluckily he was too busy picturing to himself how scornfully he would ride past his brothers and sisters, who had laughed at him, to look where his fortune was leading him, and suddenly he walked into the brook, and was soused in the ice-cold water from head to heel.

There was nothing for it but to get out and crawl home after that, of course. When they saw him coming so miserably, his brothers and sisters began to laugh, and make fun of him. But his mother was so angry at the plight he was in, that she whipped him and packed him off to bed. So a whipping was all the fortune that came to Johnny.

How to Work.—"Sukey, you've got an easy life of it," grumbled the Pot to the Kettle; "sitting there like a lady all day long, with nothing to do but boil a little water and sing a pretty song."

"I do what is given me to do, and do it cheerfully," said Sukey. "One can but be employed, and you, when you are sputtering over your puddings or potatoes, and the Fryingpan, when he is spitting with his cakes, are on no harder service, really, than I am; but everything depends on the way you take work. *I sing over mine!*"

As the rose tree contains the sweetest flowers and the sharpest thorns; as the heavens are sometimes fair and sometimes overcast, alternately tempestuous and serene, so is the life of man intermingled with hopes and fears, with joys and sorrows, with pleasures and with pains.

Be not ashamed to confess that you have been in the wrong. It is but owning what you need not be ashamed of, that you now have more sense than you had before, to see your error, more humility to acknowledge it, and more grace to correct it.

Poetry is music in words, and music is poetry in sound, both excellent sauce; but they have lived and died poor who have made them their meat.

He who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty, approaches sublimity.

WHEN GOD RAINETH GOLD.

BY ALICE HAMILTON.

When God raineth gold
Your mantle extend,
When heaven gives you friendship
Believe in your friend;
Think not that thy treasure
Of gold is alloyed,
Let not thy believing
By doubt be destroyed.

Heaven sends the sunshine
Golden and bright;
Dwell not in darkness,
Believe in the light;
Wrap not a mantle
Of dark unbelief
About thee, for heaven
Gives speedy relief.

Ah! treasures around us
Ungathered may lie!
And life pass in dreaming
Of wealth by-and-by;
The gold from the mountains
May rest and decay,
But truth, love and beauty
Liveth for aye.

Yes, heaven raineth blessings
Like manna of old,
We extend not our mantles
But dig for our gold;
Looking not upward,
But downward, we lose
Heaven's choicest blessings,
Its best gifts refuse.

Guilty or Not Guilty?

A Story of Christmas Eve.

BY H WATSON FLEMING.

[This serial was commenced in No. 23, Vol. 54, and is concluded in the present number. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER VI.

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

Still no tidings of John West.

Miriam despaired, and in her despair became still more embittered against him. What had he done with the child? The doubt tormented her by night and by day. It seemed to her, in her nightly dreams, that little Milly needed her protection. Yet she could do nothing but wait for tidings, and waiting was intolerable.

She wondered that she lived through it, but life is not often relinquished to anguish or despair. The heart throbs with feverish rapidity, but it does not break so easily as we imagine.

In their absence she hardly loved John West the less, but she loved the child the more.

Meantime affairs were growing very "cloudy" at the farm. The new manager, Evan Merle, flushed with the importance of his position, and with the relief from "persecution," as he termed it, arising from the death of the man whose money he had long ago misappropriated, became neglectful of his new duties. Unknown to Miriam, he had formed evil associations, and although he had stated to Miriam that he had satisfied the mortgages on the estate, he had done nothing of the kind.

He felt that if John West returned he would be ousted from his position there, and to make "security doubly sure," he had gambled away the money which should have been devoted to this purpose.

Seeing his mistake, he indulged in greater excesses still, and at last it could no longer be hidden from Miriam that the farm was no longer hers.

He could not face her, to tell her of his misdeeds. Yet Langston had now a fascination to him which prevented his leaving it. Besides, there was still the chance, a remote one it is true, of his retrieving his misfortunes. Money, by some means, he must have, and he had none whatever.

He knew that Miriam had a sum by her, for it had been part of his plan to keep her well supplied to disguise his nefarious schemes. He had no pretext for asking her for this, and the villain, for such he had now become—hardened by long continuance of misappropriation—was endeavoring to find a plausible excuse for possessing himself of it.

At this time Miriam was sorely perplexed. She had, at last, gained tidings of John West. A month or so after his leaving the theatrical combination to which he had temporarily attached himself, the company visited Langston, *en route* for some larger city. The ladies of the company had not yet forgotten their *protege;* and, as the landlady at the Langston Hotel had a little girl also, they naturally compared it to John West's child.

"John West's child—little Milly!" the landlady said. "Lor's me, you don't mean to say that——"

Here she became breathless with astonishment, and before she could find words for the completion of the sentence Lottie Smith, who was the youngest lady of the combination, and, therefore, had been Milly's special nurse and companion, replied:

"Indeed, but we do. Who else could we mean?"

This was not so conclusive as it might have been, so the good lady, still breathless with excitement, sought the manager. The result of the interview was a message to the farm.

Miriam came at once.

There were explanations on both sides.

"Yes, it is my husband," she said, in answer to the manager's query. "There was some misunderstanding. Oh, sir! tell me! You do not know how grateful I will be! Where is he? Oh, where is he, now?"

The veteran shook his managerial head. Having given her all the information he possessed, he could say nothing more. But if he should meet with John West again, as was not unlikely, he said (Miriam's face brightened at that), he would convey any note or message she might send, or he would inform the lady of her husband's whereabouts. More than this he could not do. West had left the company very mysteriously, but his reasons were no longer obscure. Evidently he did not wish to return, or even to be known.

This was poor comfort to Miriam. Yet she did not despair.

"One day he will think better and return," she thought. "Or, at least, he will send me tidings of my child."

Each passing day had to her its hours of wild, revengeful passion, followed by hardly less wild and hopeful yearnings for his return. Still she could no longer be blind to the mismanagement that surrounded her.

She expostulated with her brother, and he promised to amend. She little knew the extent of his defalcations.

Her visit to the manager had had one good result. She knew that Milly still lived. It also led her to ponder upon the possibility of making a personal search for her.

No doubt John West had already connected himself with some other company of actors.

"Why should not I also take some position in this profession?" she pondered. "Yet I have no knowledge of the art, and fear my first appearance as an actress would be a dreadful failure."

"Well, write a play," suggested Evan, who entered fully into the scheme to advance his own purposes. He deemed it Quixotic, but he advocated it nevertheless.

The thought was a startling one, but her mind approved it. She had received an excellent education, and during her term as school teacher the local papers had acknowledged their indebtedness to her for more than one "effort," in prose or verse. It was even possible that she might achieve still greater success. Why not as a playwright, then?

"That might help me, if I were successful," she replied.

"Of course you would be successful," said Evan Merle. "Has not your own life been one long romantic drama, with its shifting scenes, and lights, and shadows of duty and affection?"

"Thanks to you, who remind me of it," she rejoined.

"I did not speak with that intention, Miriam," he replied, "but to show you the possibility of success. A true writer has himself witnessed those events which he paints in the most artistic coloring."

"But I know nothing of the stage."

"You must study what are called the 'unities,' Miriam. In some of the great cities you must witness some of the more popular plays performed by the popular artists, then draw your own conclusions, and write your play."

She followed his advice, and, with the one purpose in view, she devoted all her energies to the new labor. She had written much, before she ventured to offer any of her work for critical examination, and by this time she herself smiled at the first crude efforts of her pen.

If talent, industry, and purpose are combined, there is little the mind can conceive that man or woman may not execute.

Her natural talent, combined with long study, rendered her first offering successful. The name of "Atlanta" became famous from the beginning. It was by that name she had elected to be known, and it formed no portion of her plan to divulge her real one. That might frustrate her design. She would be known to the world by no other appellation than that of "Atlanta."

At the beginning of her apprenticeship to this new labor Evan had prevailed upon her to entrust him with the money which he had from time to time handed to her, as profits accruing from the farm.

"You will be always wandering about, Miriam, you know, and it will be safer for me to send you such sums as you require from time to time," he said.

She little knew that this money was necessary to him; that with it he would pay the interest upon mortgages which he had declared to her existed no longer upon the lands. She little dreamed, when she handed it to him, that she was merely postponing the fatal day which would make her homeless and penniless, at the mercy of the world.

When she visited the farm she was so absorbed in her new pursuit that she never questioned him. He was shrewd enough to keep her well supplied with money, and even now, in trustworthy hands, the farm might have been saved.

But Evan Merle's first thoughts were of himself. The time would come he knew when inquiry would be made as to his stewardship. If he could obtain money, it must henceforth be his own. *That* might render his flight secure, and his future less uncertain.

When Miriam returned after the production of her first play, flushed with success, forgetting almost the object of her labor in the triumph which it had brought her, a new surprise awaited her.

The farm was in the sheriff's hands.

"Why, how is this, Evan?" she exclaimed, "only a month ago you forwarded me a remittance?"

Evan stammered something to the effect that women could not understand these matters, and that if she would leave everything to him——

"I have trusted you too long, I fear, Evan. Will you be kind enough to explain," she said, indignantly.

"You must forgive me, Miriam," he replied, earnestly, penitently. "I have indulged in unfortunate speculations. Everything has gone wrong. I will hide nothing from you."

"Then tell me the worst, Evan. To whom does the farm belong?"

"To your creditors," he stammered. "Miriam, forgive me; for years I have endeavored to avert this calamity——"

"Then all your statements to me were false?"

"Well, not exactly. I——"

"Were they true?" she questioned, with a determined voice. She could read his infamy in his cringing manner and hesitating tone.

He did not answer her. How could he when the pallor of his face told the story so well? "Leave me!" she demanded. "I will never see you again!"

"Oh, John! John!" she exclaimed, "why did I ever permit myself to be ruled by this man, who is my brother? How can I atone for all the misfortunes I have heaped upon your head?

"But he left me," she continued, "and he took little Milly from me. If she had been spared, how differently I would have acted."

She wrung her hands with silent grief, then paced the room in passionate anger. Why should she suffer thus? She whom the world was beginning to acknowledge as one of its fortunate favorites?

There was no help for it. The estate was sold by order of the mortgagees; and Miriam went forth from her husband's inheritance, no longer with means to prosecute her search for him or for her child.

No longer was the name of Miriam West mentioned by any tongue, but that of "Atlanta," the popular authoress of "Golden Links," became famous in every city in the land.

She invariably superintended the production of her own plays. At every theatre she visited she carefully scrutinized the actors and employees. Her interview with Milly told her that her search had not been vain.

* * * * *

("Then Miriam and Atlanta are one," thought John West.

The fading figure of Santa Claus seemed to nod an assent from his place upon the wall of the property-room.

"And her brother lives?"

The figure seemed to nod again, but less distinctly than before.)

EPILOGUE.

From his restless slumbers in the property-room of the theatre John West awoke with a great start.

"Then it was all a dream," he muttered; "at least all that about Miriam and Atlanta. My share is but too well impressed upon my memory—too well! too well!

"Did he really die?" he continued, after a long sigh. "I never questioned it until now. Was he her brother, I wonder? I never thought of that?"

He rose at once from his recumbent posture. The mask representing Santa Claus, which had so strangely figured in his dream, still hung in its proper place upon the wall. He could see that from the light which shone upon it from a street lamp through the dirty window. How very dark it was. How long had he been asleep, he wondered?

And Milly, where was she?

As if in answer to the thought, the door opened and Milly herself entered.

John West started.

"Father," she whispered, cautiously, "Ah, you are awake, at last. I came to you once before but I could not rouse you, you were so fast asleep, and muttered such strange things. And do you know, dear father, when I disturbed you a little, thinking you might be cold and sick perhaps, you began to swear at me, at least I thought——"

"Swear at you, Milly?" he replied, with a shudder; "oh, no. I have had strange dreams to-night. What should you think of old Santa there, taking me away upon a journey—a long way, a terribly long way?"

"A journey?"

"Yes; in my dream, of course. 'Tis long since either of us have traveled very far, Milly, and this flight was not a pleasant one. I thought, in my dream, Milly, that I had returned once more to the place where you were born."

"How nice!" exclaimed Milly, clapping her hands with glee. "I should like to dream that, too."

"It was not nice, Milly. You do not know—pray heaven you never may."

"Papa, dear," said Milly, after a pause, "that lady——"

"What lady, Milly?"

"You must not be mad with me, papa, for this is Christmas Eve, and she was very kind and good——"

"Who was kind and good?"

"Who? Why the lady they call Atlanta!"

"Atlanta!" cried West, trembling. "Milly, Milly, what have you said to her—what have you done?"

"She is waiting for you, papa, dear," continued Milly, regardless of his questioning. "She wants to see you to-night, if possible. She said 'no night so fitting as Christmas Eve.'"

Before John West had recovered from his surprise, the door again opened, and a lady stood within the room. There was no doubt upon his mind now. He drew back with mingled fear and consternation; that was Miriam—Miriam whom he had so basely treated, but oh, how changed she was.

Her sweet, sorrowful face wore a prouder, fiercer aspect now. Those eyes which were so sad, yet so sympathetic, were fixed with strong determination. John West shrank from them as he had never done before. He was appalled, dismayed.

"Am I so greatly changed, John West," she said, "that you fail to recognize me after all these miserable years?"

"Miriam," he answered; but he could say no more. He extended his arms pitifully toward her. His head was bent upon his breast. He would have fallen at her feet.

Milly stood between them then.

"Lady," she said, "this is my papa, and you must not, shall not harm him."

"And your mother, where is she?" said Miriam, quietly.

"I have already told you," answered Milly, sorrowfully. "She died, long ago, when I was very young."

"You taught her this?" said Miriam to West.

"I did! I did!" replied he, in agonized tones.

"And you do not remember your mother?" she questioned Milly again.

"Sometimes I dream of what I think she used to be like, and I thought she was like you when you first spoke to me; but the vision always fades, it was so very long ago."

"John," said the lady, reproachfully, "how could you act so madly, so treacherously toward me?"

"God knows how sincerely I have repented," he replied.

Milly wondering at all this, for Atlanta had not made herself known to her, clung tightly to her father's arm, while the other hand sought the strange lady's not unwilling palm. Was she really to be the peacemaker between these two?

"Why have you sought me, Miriam," he said, "after these many years. I never expected to see you again. Yet, if I feared this meeting, for Milly's sake I yearned for it sometimes."

"My search was of long duration, John. At first I thirsted for revenge—then for my child."

"You will take her from me, Miriam? Do I deserve this, loving her so much?"

"Do I not love her, too, John? Has a mother no love for her offspring, think you?"

"A mother!" wondered Milly. She did not resist the passionate caress which followed the lady's speech. But she sobbed aloud, and wondered what it could mean. Was her mother alive, after all? Was this lady her mother? Surely she was dreaming.

Miriam's tears wetted the child's face, and the child sobbed in sympathy. At last she looked up, a dull fancy of the possible truth had flashed upon her.

"Are you my mother?" she whispered, bashfully.

"This lady is your mother, Milly," her father replied. "I took you from her when you were too young to remember. I thought I acted rightly; I know I acted madly. I sought revenge, too," he added; "God help me; I see my duty now."

He sank upon his knees and sobbed aloud. Miriam relenting, raised him to his feet.

"Is *he*—living? Was my vision true?"

"My brother's life was saved," replied Miriam, seriously.

"Your brother!" exclaimed West. "How crazed I must have been!"

"My brother's life was saved, John," Miriam said, more tenderly. "Saved, that he might impoverish the farm. It is no longer yours nor mine, John, Langston will see neither of us more."

"I never hoped to visit it again, Miriam," said John.

"I had a letter from Langston to-day, she continued. "It was delivered here. Milly gave it to me. Can you guess what its contents were, John?"

"I do not understand. You tell me his life was saved! Then it is true then I am *not guilty of* the crime that has haunted me to this day!"

"You were guilty of nothing but the wreck of my peace, John West."

"Heaven forgive me!" he exclaimed, in agony.

"But let us not speak of this."

"No—the letter?

"The letter was from the present occupant of Langston Farm. It told me of my brother's death."

"Then he did die?"

"Not then, but recently. He was a villain. It was my protection, succor, my secret, John, that has caused all our many troubles."

"And my want of faith," he mournfully replied.

"After mismanaging the farm, and appropriating the income to his own use, he fled. Very recently he returned. What think you his reason was? It was to effect an entrance to the premises, whose every lock and bolt he knew so well, to rob its present owner. Foiled in the attempt he endeavored to fire the place. By some chance, which he had not anticipated, he had fastened himself within the stabling, where the fire originated. When the flames were quelled his body was discovered."

"Miriam," he said, "I am glad you have told me this. It will be some comfort during the punishment which I know must come to feel that I was not the cause of your brother's death. However guilty he may be, I can forgive him all, for what would I have been if he had died from the wounds I inflicted in my mad, unreasoning haste?

"So you will take Milly from me. If this will comfort you, and prompt you to forgive me at my dying day, I will freely give her to you," he continued. "You must comfort your mother, Milly."

"And you, too, papa," said Milly, quietly. "I will love her very much, but I will never leave you, for I love you too, papa."

"John," said Miriam, more tenderly than she had yet spoken, "this is Christmas Eve."

"Yes, Miriam," he answered, with a shudder.

"It is the night of good omen, of hope, and peace, and trust."

"And the anniversary of——"

"John, you must think better than this."

"Miriam," he said, eagerly, "will you forgive me?"

"Yes, John," she simply answered, "for the child's sake."

* * * * *

So John West's place became vacant at last, and it leaked out that he was Atalanta's husband, or former lover, or, otherwise, a near relation—it was never quite settled which. Spangle, the property-man, said he "shouldn't at all wonder if West (who was well educated) had something to do with the authorship of 'them plays.'" But he was undeceived and let into the secret upon certain conditions, of which silence was one, when, upon New Year's Day, he was invited to a gigantic feast by Atalanta, "because you were kind to Milly," she said. But what occurred upon that occasion he never divulged to any living soul.

Slowly a reunion came about, and it is whispered that the gifted authoress known as Atalanta is about to purchase a large estate known as "Langston Farm;" and it is said that when the present Christmas closes, and a new—let us hope happier—year begins, the villagers of Langston will assemble to do honor to their former friend, John West, who, with Miriam, his wife, and Milly, his only child, will recommence a new life in their once happy home.

[THE END.]

PREPARATION FOR A GERMAN STUDENTS' DUEL.

Next to the skin they wore a coarse white linen shirt, and a thick pad under the right arm to protect the brachial arteries. On the right arm were placed a thick leather glove and a silk sleeve, then a sleeve of quilted canvass, about an inch thick, an elbow pad of leather bound on with straps, and a canvass bandage over all. So thick were these bandages that it was impossible to let the arm hang by the side. A tightly-twisted silk handkerchief extended from the little finger along the outside of the wrist to guard it. A large, thick leather apron, slit in the middle so as to be fastened to each leg with straps, covered the lower part of the chest, and extended below the knees. To prevent an accidental wound in the eye, a pair of iron eye goggles were strapped on, furnished with glasses for those who were short sighted. A padded neck-guard completed the dress. Thus swathed and bandaged up, the appearance of the combatants was rather comical, as with their huge bandaged arms supported by friends, they walked with a slight swagger round the room, waiting till the umpire had taken his seat. The seconds were provided with arm-guards and leather peaked caps, not to protect their principals, but to prevent foul play. The umpire, watch and note-book in his hand, soon took his seat, and the weapons were handed to the swordsmen. The swords have a very large iron-barred hilt, something of the shape of a claymore hilt, but much larger. They are quite straight, about three-quarters of an inch wide at the hilt, tapering to a quarter of an inch at the point. They are very thin and flexible, and low tempered, in order that they may not be brittle, and require constant straightening during the fight. They are very sharp at the point for about nine inches; the rest is blunt.

A Child's Prayer.—The bright-eyed darlings of the household whisper golden words sometimes, and a scrap from a holiday poem, by Sophia P. Snow, will bear re-publication as a child's prayer on Christmas Eve:

"Please, Deeus, 'et Santa Taus tum down to-night
And bring us some presents before it is 'ight;
I want he sood diy' me a nice 'ittle sed,
Wiz bright abinin' 'unners, and all painted 'ed;
A box full of tandy, a book, and a toy,
Amen. And den, Deeus, I'll be a dood boy!"

The prayer was overheard, and *perhaps* that sed and tandy didn't come!

It is one of the most beautiful compensations of this life that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.

Religion finds the love of happiness and the principles of duty separate in us; and its mission—its masterpiece—is to reunite them.

WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE;

OR,

The Stolen Heiress.

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

[This serial was commenced in No. 7, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XLVIII.

RENOUNCING A LAST FRIEND.

Mrs. Manning was shown at once into the presence of Philip Danvers. He was seated, as usual, in his study, while Violet Lowe now read to him, as her son was in the habit of doing.

"My dear Mrs. Manning," he exclaimed, rising with the urbanity that became him so well, "I am pleased to see that you can come to us sometimes now without a direct summons. But you are looking pale and ill. St. Julian is——"

"Not well enough to come to you this evening, Mr. Danvers," she faltered, sinking into a seat. "And I—I wished to speak with you alone, if you please."

The young lady arose with a bow, and turned toward the door, while Mr. Danvers himself placed a chair for her something nearer his own.

"And now, madam," he continued, with the kind encouragement that he had ever extended toward her. "Let me beg you to be composed, and tell me, without hesitation, how I can serve you. It must be an impossible favor that I would not happily grant to one who has been the faithful friend of my house for so long. Believe me you do me a favor by coming to me in your distress."

"I do not doubt your goodness, sir," she continued, in a broken voice. "But, oh, how far does it exceed my deserts. My distress, however, does not spring from any new demand that I have to make upon you, Mr. Danvers, but rather that I am to cease, now and forever, to claim the generous protection you have bestowed upon me for so long. I cannot remain in your house a day longer. I cannot receive from you the aid that has heretofore lightened the burden of my life. Oh, sir, I have never willingly wronged you, but I should do so, if I did not speak now. It is true you are the only friend, in all the wide world, to whom I could appeal, and I have valued your good opinion as one of the few triumphs of my life. But I must renounce you, without delay; and with heaven and my child alone to protect me, go forth from these doors, and lose myself forever in the great world without; from the eyes of all who have known me up to this hour."

She had spoken rapidly, excitedly, as though anxious to be through with a painful duty, and to have him understand her fully with as little delay as possible.

"Why, madam, what madness is this!" he exclaimed, in wonder. "You cannot be speaking from any serious conviction. Ah! stay, you surely do not believe that St. Julian has been guilty of the wretched robbery, about which I considered it my duty to inform you several days since?"

"O no, no! Mr. Danvers, no," she cried. "He is as innocent of that as you or I. And oh, how keenly he suffered under the suspicion with which you at first regarded him, in spite of your kindly efforts to conceal it. Circumstances might convict him forever, but he would still be innocent."

"I hope—I am anxious to believe that it is so," said Mr. Danvers, kindly. "Indeed, Mr. Jarvis has had a talk with me to-day, and has thrown the burden of suspicion quite in another direction. He is confident of being able to put his hands upon the real culprit very soon. Why, then, should you speak of taking your son away, at a season when your disappearance would have every tendency to fasten the guilt upon him?"

"The consciousness of his innocence must sustain us," she answered, resolutely, "and you yourself must be equally assured of it, Mr. Danvers. You have known him from early childhood. He has grown up under your eye; has been trusted by you in even weightier matters, before, as you did your own son, and your confidence remained unshaken, until now."

"Yes," replied Mr. Danvers, sadly, "as I did dear Eugene, and hence I have now the greater anxiety to see him righted, while you speak of frustrating every plan for that purpose. Can you not, at least, tell me, why you have conceived such an idea?"

"Ah, sir, that is the worst of all!" she exclaimed, bitterly. "I can assign no reason for this seemingly whimsical conduct. You must blindly trust to the integrity of my motives, if you would believe in me further. I will make one admission, however, that will, I am sure, induce you in generosity to spare me. You have asked me frequently about my past life, and I have never been able to render you any explanation with regard to it. There is more reason than ever that it should be a secret now, and it is this very secret that will be crushing me to the earth, when I go away, as go I must, and at once."

"But you will, at least, tell me," said Mr. Danvers, in serious perplexity, "if anything new has happened to bring you to so sudden a determination? or whether you have been contemplating the step for any length of time?"

"I have had it in contemplation for years," she answered, "to be carried out when occasion should require; but I did not know that occasion would come so soon. The first cause, a grave one, has presented itself to me to-day, and I must take final leave of you to-morrow."

"So recent a motive! And yet you have formed, you say, a serious and unalterable determination upon it? It is impossible that you should be trifling with me at such a time, in my life and yours. Is it, can it be only an effort to spare my feelings, though you are offended at the suspicions that have attached to your son? and are you, for this cause alone, about to renounce the protection that has been willingly and unquestioningly extended to you for so many years? I can tell you that the suspicions attached to St. Julian did not originate in my mind. They were suggested by a long-headed, but automatic clerk, who would not hesitate to arraign his own father, if he thought him guilty, before us."

"Again, sir, I assure you it was not that," she sobbed. "I am deeply grateful, more deeply than I can ever explain to you, for your kindness, as I know my unfortunate son to be. We must not care for the opinion of the world, while the confidence of his own innocence can sustain him. But I should be guilty, really, veritably guilty, if I were to remain here an hour longer than I can help. The money that you have heretofore furnished us so generously has been devoted to honest and legitimate purposes, but I cannot even answer for that any longer. Better cast it into the sea, and let me perish of starvation on the streets, than have it fall into some hands that I know of, for it would bring the very walls of the house about my head, and bury my son in a deeper infamy than would ever threaten him from any lawful source."

"Then, if I read this puzzling enigma at all," said Mr. Danvers, with wondering incredulity, "I am to understand from it, against every conviction of my sober reason, that you forsake the life of comparative comfort you have been leading for all these years, that you drive your son from an honest employment into idleness and obscurity, the very devil's workshop for young minds, and, renouncing the advice and encouragement of friends, trust blindly to providence, that I am persuaded never helps us unless we help ourselves. And all this for some secret reason, some chimerical delusion, of which no lucid explanation can be given! Surely you will not insist upon anything so monstrous?"

"Indeed and indeed I must," she repeated. "Do not strive to dissuade me. Oh, sir, you cannot know what you are asking! You can find another to fill St. Julian's place. And, as you hope for mercy yourself, show it to me, and let us depart unquestioned. I will go back to my poor boy—it will grieve him sorely, but I cannot help it—and have all arranged. Our resort must be a secret, too, and the greatest charity you can show us will be to make no effort to discover it, for then we should have to fly again—fly from *you* as from our worst enemy. And now I must leave you, dear Mr. Danvers, trusting to the charity of your heart, which I know so well, to hold me excused for all that you may not be able to understand."

"Then I protest it must be comprehensive indeed, for I understand nothing," said Mr. Danvers, seriously, while she arose to take leave of him. "Let me beseech you to consider what you do. Remember I have known many dark sorrows in my life, and think if it would not be better to repose confidence, and tell me the cause of this strange trouble."

"I cannot," she said, turning toward the door, as if anxious to escape. "It might cost a life were I to unseal my lips."

"Then, at least to convince me that it is not some fever of the brain, some passing delirium—as I am still disposed to believe, you will suffer me to see St. Julian before this strange step is taken?"

Murmuring a partial assent, because she did not know how to refuse, Maude Manning hurried back to her home—her home for but a few hours longer now.

St. Julian was even more astonished than Mr. Danvers had been.

If she chose to renounce Mr. Danvers' protection, and he had been thinking of doing so himself since the blighting influence of suspicion had fallen between them, surely there was no need of secrecy. But she could only urge her commands now with tears and prayers, and he at last bowed his head in sorrowful but just submission; and he regretted it the less when he went down to the house of business the next day, and was met with additional coldness.

Cecil Dupre, keeping the secret of St. Julian's assault from every one but Mr. Leslie, had imparted it to him as a sly and felonious attempt upon his life. That gentleman, in anger, mentioned the circumstances, as he had received them, to Mr. Danvers, and requested the dangerous young person's dismissal. So St. Julian turned over his accounts in regular form to Mr. Vance, and returned home for the last time. He called at Mr. Danvers' house a little later, but his former employer was colder and more formal than usual; and after repeating that his mother's decision remained unalterable, he went out again, never, perhaps, to return in this life, he thought.

As he passed down the tesselated walk, he looked up at the window, and seeing Violet Lowe, in her fresh young beauty, at one of them, he pressed one hand convulsively over his heart, as if perchance he might still its tumultuous throbbing. Maddened, despairing, almost suicidal, he went back to find his mother already waiting for him, almost as nervously as she had done that other visitor the day before.

Their personal effects were contained in a few trunks. And only when the darkness had set in—for she would have it so—they go forth, no one knows how or where.

CHAPTER XLIX.

ANOTHER CONVICT AT LARGE.

Weeks, nay months, went by again; and there were no notable landmarks along the highways of time, to mark the progress of the lives we treat of.

The handsome young clerk, St. Julian Manning, had been forgotten in the house of "Danvers & Leslie," unless his old employer still regretted the bright face, in his silent and solitary grandeur.

There was a shadow of gloom on the faces of the heads of that firm, however; for a deep feeling of alarm had been awakened. They had sad reason to fear that the "East Indiaman" had been wrecked, and that the entire crew, with its immense treasures on board, had been swallowed up by the insatiable deep.

There had been unprecedented storms in the equatorial regions about the time of the passage out. The "Ariadne" had made her demi-spherical voyage, and returned, after remaining some days in the Indian port, and the good ship in which Walter Ward had embarked, had not been heard from. "A judgment on the thief," Mr. Vance had said, and his employers had nodded in moody acquiescence, but they were thinking, perhaps, of their more irremediable losses.

Cecil Dupre had been winning unlimited favor by his good conduct, and the arrival of his great uncle was only awaited that his marriage with Evelyn Leslie—for which every preparation was going forward—might be announced.

There were those who stated—quiet and reserved Miss Violet Lowe among them—that the face of the bride elect looked as Iphigenia's might have done in the days of grace allowed before the sacrifice of Agamemnon. But it was esteemed an idle fancy, as Mr. Dupre was young, like herself, supremely handsome, and heir to a princely fortune. The young lady, however, complained to her mother that she did not feel well, and declared, with a yawn, that she would be glad when the affair was over and done with.

In the meantime the doors of the state prison had been opened, and another convict, having "suffered the penalty of the law," was sent back into the world to begin life anew, under a weight of disadvantages that would cause many a sinless man to stagger, and go speedily on to a worse punishment.

Which would Caspar Lennox choose? Had fifteen years of servile durance softened his vindictive hatred?

As he reeled, like a sailor just ashore, down the streets that he had not traversed in so many torturing years, he clenched his strong arm, and set his teeth with a wolfish grin, as he muttered the names of Arnold Leslie and Miriam Danvers, with a like imprecation upon the living and the dead.

He, too, had skulked in the vicinity of the relentless walls that had heard his groans and imprecations for so long, until the night came on. He had procured an old-fashioned suit of clothes, something better than Arnold Leslie's had been, but it seemed to him that every thread in them proclaimed "jail-bird," "jail-bird," to the passers-by.

Yet he had not for one moment—no, not *one*—forgotten his vows of vengeance, for, as he found himself once more passing through the streets, under the flare of its cheerful lamps, an intense longing to see the pale, sorrowing face of the wife whose love he had voluntarily renounced stirred the inmost depths of his hardened nature. Oh! angels of mercy, that see alike in the darkness as in the light of day, was it a tear that he brushed—albeit, indignantly—from his eye as he drew near to the house of Philip Danvers?

He passed the little gate in the brick wall, and saw a light in her old room window, the room she had selected to be protected from him, and, at the same time, to see him in secret when her safety demanded. Was she here now? Had she known that he would be free to-day? He passed and repassed once, twice, half a dozen times, ere he could command himself sufficiently to attempt to whistle the old air by which in other days she had been warned of his coming.

His notes were feeble and tremulous at first, as though he half expected to hear the sepulchral voices of Eugene or Miriam Danvers crying out, trumpet-tongued, "This is the man! Come and seize him!"

Nothing occurred to alarm him, however, for even the spirits of the dead had never done so, and his voice grew, by degrees, as powerful as in the olden time. But the lights remained stationary, and no gently-reproachful face looked out at him to-night. At any other time he might have turned away with threatening indignation, but to-night, with the sudden whim that he had not had time to combat, he grew fiercely impatient, and, striding around, had placed his hand upon the entrance-gate to go up openly and ask for her at any cost, when the image of Arnold Leslie seemed, as it were, to rise before him, and he paused with an oath, setting his teeth firmly upon his nether lip. No, in the mood he had been to-night, he might be tempted to listen to the pleadings of a better nature, and he could not, *would not*, allow that. He must still pursue the man who had wrought his ruin, *still strive to fathom the mystery of his own existence*, of which cruel Miriam Danvers had boasted in her rage that she was possessed, and which, if known, would raise him, even him, to honor and ease in some country where all his old *aliases* could be dropped and his past record forgotten. And then, but not till then, poor Maude, who he felt assured had loved him through all, might know him a less guilty man that he had seemed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHERE THE LAUGH CAME IN.

One of the professors of a public school was very fond of telling funny stories to the class, by way of illustration. After a time, the class laid their heads together in private, and hit upon a plan of operations which they anticipated would confound the story-loving "prof." Accordingly, on the following day, when the latter had introduced his invariable anecdote with, "And that reminds me, young gentlemen, of a very facetious illustration," the class sat bolt upright to a man, and listened to the telling of a really funny story without so much as a smile. The professor concluded with a loud "Ha, ha!" in which not another voice joined.

The poor man was dumbfounded. What could be the matter? The anecdote was funny enough, and why didn't the boys laugh as usual? He raised his spectacles from his nose, and looked at them, sitting there before him as dumb and vacant-faced as so many oysters. Plainly, they did not get the point of the joke; so at it he went again.

"You will see, gentlemen, that the fun of this story lies in the very absurd idea that—ha, ha!—that the man should carry the donkey, and not the donkey carry the man."

And still there was not a smile; his audience looked the perfection of hopeless stupidity. Gradually it dawned upon the puzzled "prof." that the boys were making a fool of him; and he thundered, in no gentle tones, "Let the recitation proceed!" It did proceed; but not three minutes later, when some trivial little mistake occurred, which, ordinarily, would not have been considered in the least laughable, the whole class burst out in one tremendous, prolonged peal of laughter, which quickly apprized the professor of the full extent of the deliberate cruelty of the joke. He dismissed the class in a rage, and of course abandoned his habit of illustration; but it was long before anything like amicable relations were restored between him and the boys.

ADVICE GRATIS.—*Fall* in love with some good and industrious young woman. *Attention* pay to her, faithfully and respectfully. *Right face* in popping the question, like a man. *Quick march* to her parents, and ask their consent. *File right* with her to the church, and go through the service of matrimony. *Halt* and reflect seriously upon the new duties which you have assumed, and then *right about face* from haunts which you frequented when single, and prefer your own home. *Advance arms* to your young wife when out walking with her, and never leave her to trail behind. *Break off* staying out at night, if you wish to have a happy home.

He who takes advice is sometimes superior to the giver.

GENTLEMAN DICK;

OR,

The Cruise of the Dolphin!

A Story of Scenes and Adventures in the North Pacific.

By Captain Clewline.

[This serial was commenced in No. 13, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXIV.—[CONTINUED.]

"Stern all!" cried a clear, boyish voice.

Tatty uttered a delighted cry, and dropping the harpoon, he caught the boy in his arms and pressed him to his bosom. Dan Forsythe turned pale as death, and staggered back, while Philip rose, seated himself on the edge of his bunk, and began to laugh.

"You came just in time, my dear boy," he said. "In a second more your angel brother would have been spitted like a lark."

"And small loss if he had," said Forsythe. "What a fiend you are, Phil Fenton! I'd like to ask you a question or two."

"Go on," said Philip, looking at his brother, who stood by the side of the old harpooner, who had one arm passed caressingly about his shoulders. "Say your say out."

"Why did you come out in the Antelope?"

"I told you that in case any awkward event made it necessary, I would come to Honolulu and meet you. Don't you remember the letter you left with that black thief, Kanaka Bill?"

"You got that?"

"Yes; and I at once set to work to get Rodger out of jail, as I might need his help. That's enough. I suppose you are going to play saint?"

"I don't believe any one thinks I am putting it on for effect," said Dan, quietly. "My work here is ended, and I can go back to Ellen with a clear conscience, now that the boy has forgiven me. The money out of the thousand you gave me, which was not spent in your service, is in that package."

"Thanks," said Philip, coolly. "You were a fool to give it back."

"I would not keep your blood money," replied Forsythe, "and from this hour I never wish to see your face again."

"*Et tu, Brute!*" said Fenton, laughing. "There! there! enough has been said for the present, but one day we may meet, where I can ask you to explain your words. The levee is over; the audience is dismissed. *Au revoir*, gentlemen; take care of yourselves."

He bowed them out ceremoniously, and laughed as Captain Dunlap turned the key in the lock of the brig.

Tatty walked like a man endowed with new life, and, when he returned to the Dolphin, Dick went with him. It is needless to say that the crew went mad directly, and performed antics which would have put a lunatic asylum to the blush. He mounted the capstan-head and made a speech.

"Boys!" he cried; "shipmates in the old Dolphin, I wish you would hear me for a moment. I came aboard this ship in good faith, and was detained against my will. You all know who kept me here, and may think that I hold a grudge against the first mate. Not a bit of it. No officer could be more prompt in his duty than he has been, and, although he *was* my enemy, he is now my friend. We have shaken hands, and agreed to let the past slide."

A stunning cheer went up from the listening crew, and Dick, waving his hand for silence, went on.

"Since I boarded the Dolphin and went into the forecastle I have made some true-hearted friends, whom I shall always be glad to see, I don't care where I am. There is not a foremast hand on board the old ship, nor an officer, that I shall fail to think of kindly. I am going back in the Antelope, and I am no longer harpooner in boat number three. I am sorry for that, for I loved this wild life dearly, and would have liked to make the voyage out.

"One thing more, before I say good-bye. Our schooner is faster than the Dolphin, and, before you get to Honolulu, we shall be homeward bound. If any of you ever come to Boston, find me out, and if I don't make you welcome, may I never have a friend at need. And now, messmates, one and all, brave tars of the old Dolphin, I bid you good-bye."

"He can yarn it!" yelled Sam Tully. "Three times three for Gentleman Dick!"

They were given with a will. Dick descended, got his chest on deck, and distributed among the men such mementoes as he had. But, when he came to Tatty, his heart failed him.

"Never mind it, lad," said the harpooner. "No need to give me anything, when I have your picture here."

He laid his hand upon his broad bosom. Dick caught the other hand and pressed it in his own.

"You'll come to see me as soon as the Dolphin comes into port, Tatty?"

"Aye, aye; good-bye, lad."

So they parted, and when the wind rose, the schooner ran out of sight, leaving the heavy-laden ship far astern.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOME AND HAPPINESS.

At Honolulu the brothers parted.

Philip was as defiant as ever, refused all offers of assistance, and laughed at the sorrow of his brother when they parted as enemies.

"I believe that you are something of a hypocrite, my younger brother," he said. "How can you ask me to think, after all I have done, that you are in earnest in what you say?"

"How can I prove that I mean truly by you?"

"You cannot; my feelings for you are unchanged; unless, indeed, I hate you a little more than I hated you when I sent you to the Dolphin. It makes my blood grow hot when I think of all I have suffered since that time."

"But you have no money?"

"Have I not? If I had nothing else, remember that my quondam friend Dan Forsythe, who has taken it into his head to turn babyish, flung back into my hands nearly eight hundred dollars. But I have more money than you think."

"What will you do, when you are in Australia?"

"I will eat my own heart in silence, and wonder that I have been such an idiot as to leave other hands to do the work which ought to have been done by mine. I don't give up the game yet, and some day you may feel that I have a long arm."

"I wish to be your friend yet, and help you when you need it."

"I would not accept help from you if I were starving. Go home as quickly as you can, and remember that somewhere on the earth, where you do not know, there lives a man who hates you above all created things. Go home to enjoyment, but do not be too sure of your happiness while I live."

"Philip, Philip," cried Dick, in agony, "come back with me, and I will ask uncle to change his will. Anything to prove that I do not hate you, although you say that you hate me."

But Philip left him hastily, and stepped into the boat which lay alongside. As night came on they saw him standing at the wharf, his arms folded on his bosom, looking at the schooner. When they sailed that night they left him there, and for many a year Richard Fenton never saw his face again. It was fated, as the cycle of time rolled on, that they should meet again, in other scenes than these.

The schooner was many miles at sea when a man came and informed the captain that Black Rodger had escaped from the brig.

"Let him go," said Dunlap, who was too happy to care much for this. "Jonah is out of the schooner, and I am glad of it."

Their voyage was prosperous, but months had passed when the schooner sighted the bold shores of Massachusetts Bay. As they neared the harbor of Plymouth, from which they sailed, the captain set a new flag, which he had carried out with him—a white silk banner with a peculiar device. A long, sharp pilot boat came out to meet them, and upon its deck a group of ladies and gentlemen could be seen. As they came nearer, Dick saw his mother, Gracie and Uncle Dick, with other friends. A few moments more and the fond arms of his mother were about him, and Gentleman Dick was home again, among the friends who loved him.

* * * * * *

Why should we follow Richard Fenton through his college course. He met temptations, and conquered them; he had trials, and lived through them. He tried to live a fair, honest, upright life, and when he left college, no young man ever bore his honors more modestly. His uncle, full of years, had passed quietly to his reward a year before, dying with the strong arm of his nephew beneath his head; and in dying, left him the fortune for which Philip Fenton had so sinned.

Tatty had visited his *protege* upon the return of the Dolphin, just as he was leaving college. He could have gone out as first mate of the Dolphin, but he had his plans, and would not do this. He was going back to his people, to teach them the ways of the white man, and build up a strong young nation in the South Seas.

Richard had laid bare the crime of Dan Forsythe, and his repentance, at his own request, and Mr. Fenton asked to see him. He found that this repentance was sincere, and when he sailed next season, it was in command of a noble brig, with the promise of support if he did well. Ellen Drake was a noble woman, and when she heard his story she forgave him. And Captain Drake, satisfied that Forsythe must do well with such patrons, gave his consent to their marriage. So, three months before the Osprey sailed, they were married, and Richard, with his sister Gracie, was at the wedding; and the latter young lady fell violently in love with the bride. In bidding them good-bye, Dick slipped something into the hand of his former enemy.

"Don't open it until you are on board the train," he said, hurriedly. "It is something I want you to look for in New York."

It was a draft for two thousand dollars, payable to the order of Daniel Forsythe. This was the young harpooner's revenge!

Captain Walter Dunlap was now owner of the Antelope, and was away in the North Pacific, on the whaling grounds. His men had received the promised reward, and when the Harpoon came home, the man who saw the floating whale, and the boats who had gone to it, had no cause to complain of the generosity of Richard Fenton, Senior.

As for that unhappy wanderer, Philip Fenton, he made no sign, and none could say whether he was alive or dead. But, even after Gentleman Dick had married, at the age of twenty-five, and had children growing up about his knees, he thought of his absent brother, and wondered whether his threatened vengeance would ever be fulfilled.

Let us leave him beloved by all, happy in his family relations, and following the steps of the good old man who enriched him. Perhaps it may be necessary at some time in the future to tell how Philip Fenton lived and died, and whether Tatai Manitu, the Harpooner Prince, realized his dreams.

[THE END.]

THE MEASUREMENT OF TIME.

The perfection of ocean steam navigation was greatly promoted by the invention of the chronometer, which rendered it possible to find with accuracy the place of a ship at sea. The great drawback on the advance of science in the Alexandrian school was the want of an instrument for the measurement of time, and one for the measurement of temperature—the chronometer and the thermometer; indeed, the invention of the latter is essential to that of the former. Clepsydras, or water-clocks, had been tried, but they were deficient in accuracy. Of one of them, ornamented with the signs of the zodiac, and destroyed by certain primitive Christians, St. Polycarp significantly remarked, "In all these monstrous demons is seen an art hostile to God." Not until about 1680 did the chronometer begin to approach accuracy. Hooke, the contemporary of Newton, gave it the balance wheel, with the spiral spring, and various escapements in succession were devised, such as the anchor, the dead-beat, the duplex, the remontoir. Provisions for the variation of temperature were introduced. It was brought to perfection eventually by Harrison and Arnold, in their hands becoming an accurate measurer of the flight of time. To the invention of the chronometer must be added that of the reflecting sextant by Godfrey. This permitted astronomical observations to be made, notwithstanding the motion of a ship. Improvements in ocean navigation are exercising a powerful influence on the distribution of mankind. They are increasing the amount and altering the character of colonization.

FACETIÆ

THE origin of Easter eggs—A hen.

WHEN a young lady marries she is always misappropriated.

WHY are jokes like nuts?—Because the drier they are the better they crack.

HARD TIMES.—An unusual number of men are carrying their hands in their pockets, there being nothing in their pockets to interfere with the indulgence.

A nice little verse,
Were it witty and terse,
Would look well at the top of this column;
But a doggerel rhyme,
Without reason or time,
Would strike one as awfully solemn.

"How you do, Sallie? how you do? I ain't seed you in sich a time. How is you, no how?"

Sallie, grasping the old darkey's corn-stealer, and giving it a cordial shake:

"I'se still a kicking, thank you, Uncle Tom, but I ain't a kicking high. How you gitting on?"

Uncle Tom, deliberately:

"Well, Sallie, I'm still sticking together—in spots."

A PUZZLED AND INDIGNANT WITNESS.—A paper in Pittsfield, Mass., relates the following: They were trying a "horse case" in court the other day, and the lawyer was questioning a witness in reference to the animal's habit and disposition.

"Have you ever driven her?" was asked.

"I have," was the reply.

"Was there any one with you at the time?" was the next question.

"There was a lady with me," the witness answered, and he blushed a little.

"Was she a good driver?" was the next question, the lawyer referring to the animal, but the witness understood that he meant the lady.

"She was," he replied.

"Was she gentle and kind?" asked the legal limb, and the reply was in the affirmative, though the witness, still thinking of the lady, looked a little surprised.

"She didn't kick?" was the next interrogation, and a decisive "No" was the answer.

"She didn't rear up, or kick over the traces, or put her hind feet through the dashboard, or try to run away, or act ugly, or——"

The witness was boiling over with indignation by this time, and interrupted the lawyer with:

"Do you mean the horse or the lady?"

"I mean the mare we're talking about," thundered the counsel.

"Oh!" was the response, "I thought you meant the gal."

And, with this explanation, the pursuit of justice was resumed.

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

CHARADES.

1.

Sing, Robin, sing! My pure white first
Lies glittering on the eaves;
It clothes with mantle fair the moors,
It drapes the holly leaves.

It will my second from the bough,
When Spring returns once more,
And sun-rays swell the bursting buds,
And green the hedges o'er.

Then doth my whole its gentle head
From garden-mould uprear;
Christmas hath passed, and lengthening days
Proclaim the new-born year.

2.

My first and second are the same;
Reversed, a little rodent name;
Catch not my whole, for it's said
You'll sometimes get one when you wed.

EUREKA.

PUZZLES.

1.

One thousand and the third of ten;
Five hundred now unite;
And now one and a hundred add—
Be sure and place it right.
The next that comes in order
A simple vowel it shows.
Two thirds of one bring up the rear,
And that is now the close.
My whole we take to do us good—
It's very proper that we should.

WM. TYRRELL.

2.

What sort of a box is that, that is made neither of oak, nor of deal, nor of leather, nor of iron; that has no lid, and no lock, and no hinges; that holds nothing, but, on the contrary, causes us to lose our hold of a good deal; that a great many people ask for, that most expect, that a goodly number get, and yet that every one votes a nuisance?

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. An Indian coin. 2. The earth's satellite. 3. The Christian name of the orator Burke. 4. A mother mentioned in Scripture who encouraged her son to deceive his father. 5. A popular composer of the present day. 6. What a dog does when you tread on his tail. 7. Part of an acorn. 8. Dried grass. 9. A bird that has got an ill name. 10. A chemical substance. 11. A sucking-pig's mamma. 12. A character in "She Stoops to Conquer." 13. Seventeen hundred and sixty yards. 14. One of the four quarters of the globe. 15. A French lord of the manor. The initials and finals read consecutively form what we wish to all our readers.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What may be called the present time?

2. When is a carpenter like a circumstance?

RIDDLE.

One thing, kind sir, of you I crave,
'Tis that which you can never have,
Nor ever had in ages past,
Nor ever will while time shall last;
Yet if you love me as you say,
You'll give it me without delay.

MRS. E. H. TROY.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 28.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx," No. 22, Vol. 54.

CHARADES.—1. Good-night. 2. Childhood.

SIMPLE CHARADES.—1. Car-pet. 2. Ox-ford. 3. Wind-lass.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Victory.

PLIGHTED IN PERIL!

OR,

The Lone Star of Texas.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, ESQ.

[This serial was commenced in No. 17, Vol. 34. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XIX.—(CONTINUED.)

The major hastily approached the younger scout, who was leisurely walking toward them.

"What news?" he demanded, nervously. "Have you learned anything?"

Phil, with an affectation of his companion's coolness, seated himself before speaking.

"They have taken their wounded up the creek in canoes," he said.

"And the prisoners?" asked Jacke

"I am in doubt about them. There were but three boats. Two of them, at least, carried wounded. The third may have contained the ladies."

"How do you know this?" asked the major.

"It is as plain as daylight," replied Phil. "The canoes have made their marks in the bank. I find blood spots near where two of them were drawn up. There are tracks near the third, made by no man's shoe. But the canoe might have only been used to set them across the stream. We must examine the other bank before we can decide."

"And the sooner the better," said Jack, rising, and knocking the ashes from his pipe. "You will allow me to give a word of warning, Major Amberly?"

"Certainly."

"We are going on an expedition where a word too loud or a step too heavy may spoil the whole business, and maybe give the redskins our scalps. You are inclined to be impulsive, sir. But men who scout upon Indians must be cool above all things. Coolness and readiness are two things needful."

"Thanks for the caution," said the officer, a little drily. "I will not forget it."

"And now to business," said Jack.

He and Phil had recovered their rifles, from where they had hidden them the evening before. The first point was to carefully load them, and to examine their store of ammunition.

The next point to be considered was the means of crossing the creek. It was not more than twenty feet wide, and quite shallow, except in the channel, which at this point ran close to the bank.

It was too deep here to wade, and no ready means of conveyance was at hand. The deeper portion was some eight feet wide, no more than a good leap would have taken them across, were it not for the danger of falling in the shallower water beyond, and spoiling their ammunition.

A short debate was held as to whether they should not best make an impromptu raft from some broken logs that lay by the water-side.

This necessity was obviated by Phil Sawyer, who had gone a short distance down the creek, and now announced that it was partly crossed by a fallen tree, over which they could easily pass.

Proceeding to the place in question they found his words correct. A bushy maple had fallen directly across the stream, its lower branches lifting the trunk some distance above the water, while over the stem was a close array of sharp boughs, off which the leaves had fallen seasons before.

Forcing their way through these close-growing boughs, the three men, one by one, crossed on their impromptu bridge, being enabled to reach the opposite shore with dry feet.

Jack Gray led the way up the bank to a point opposite to where the canoes had been drawn up. Here the scouts commenced a close and careful examination of every point where a trace of the passing party could have been left. Major Amberly was warned to keep back, as an unlucky step might destroy some hopeful indications.

But he could not be hindered from using his eyes, and soon cried out:

"Why here are plain marks of footsteps, leading off into the wood!"

"And don't need much eyesight to see them," replied Jack. "The Indians have taken no pains to hide their trail. But there are no marks made by your daughter's little shoes. Have you seen Laura's step, Phil?"

"It is not there," said the lover. "Here are the steps of the soldiers plainly marked in this bit of dry mud, but no woman's foot has passed here."

"The soldiers?" asked the major.

"Yes, two of them," said Jack. "Captain Allen and Captain Wilson both went north on foot. The women were taken up stream in canoes, or I am much mistaken. We can't be sure till we follow this trail a piece into the woods."

CHAPTER XX.

TAKING TO COVER.

The forest on this side the creek had changed in character from that they had left. There had been the rich soil of the red lands, in which grass grew profusely, while the forest embraced a great variety of trees—oak, elm, ash, hickory, walnut, poplar, etc.—with a host of flowering shrubs, which would have gladdened the eyes of a botanist.

Here the ground seemed to be more sterile. The woods had changed in character, and were composed of pine and scrub-oak. The floor of the forest was covered with a thin coating of grass. The fallen leaves of the past year yet lay thick upon the ground.

Near the water-side the grass was more luxuriant, and the footprints of the Indians could be plainly traced in it, together with the bootmarks of the two prisoners.

They continued their close scrutiny for some distance into the wood without finding any signs of the smaller footprints of the women.

"I think it is plain enough," said Jack. "They have boated it up the creek with the badly wounded and the women, while the others have made their way overland."

"Then we must follow the water," said the major.

"I think not," said Jack, with a positive shake of the head. "It's a choice between two trails—one in the running water, one on the solid land. That creek winds about, and would make our walk five miles longer, and then we miss the spot where they take to land again."

"But my daughter is there. She is not with this party," persisted the major.

"The two trails will come together," said Jack, "if my opinion is worth anything. What do you say, Phil?"

"My notion is that those men in the boats can't be taken far without a rest, and the lame party that went overland here won't have more than eight or ten miles service in them."

"Lame?" asked the major.

"Some of the savages must have got flesh wounds, you see. Here's a limping fellow now, one long and one short step; and here's one that helped himself along with a stick. See the holes he has made by putting his whole weight on it. They won't go fast or far."

"Do you know the country above here, Phil?" asked Jack.

"Only the general lay of it," answered Phil. "It's a level bit of wood and prairie for twenty miles north. The Angelina sweeps round above here, to the northeast. Ten miles above us the Attoyac runs into it. That runs west toward the Nueces, and starts near the Cherokee village."

"And the creek. How does it run?"

"I ain't sure. But I've a notion that it comes near the Angelina above here."

"They may land there, and carry the canoes over. That's the point to strike for."

"Will they go right on?" asked the major.

"No. They have some rendezvous above here, where they calculate to stop till their wounded get more spry. They won't worry them by moving too fast."

"Let us take the trail then," said the major. "Every moment now may be valuable."

"And every moment may be dangerous," said Jack. "We are marching into an enemy's country, and have got to consider every step before we take it. Phil, there's a flock of wild ducks just lit upon the water above there. See if you can get in a bullet among them. Our provisions are running low."

Phil went with a stooping motion toward the spot indicated. As he approached the bend in the creek, where the birds had lighted, he bent still lower, so as to cover his body with the slight elevation at the water's edge.

They next saw him cautiously bringing the rifle to his shoulder. A moment, and the sharp report rang out upon the air.

The frightened birds rose in a mass, and swept rapidly down the creek.

"Plumb under my rifle," said Jack. "I'll give them a shot to teach them better sense."

In an instant he had aimed at the thick flock of ducks. His rifle report rang out clear upon the air. Two of the birds fell, one shot through the body, one with a broken wing. They struck land on their side of the creek, and were easily recovered.

Phil was approaching with two more. He had taken them in line as they swam upon the water, and pierced the pair with a single bullet.

"There's two bits of lead not wasted," said Jack, as he deftly proceeded to open and clean the birds.

Phil assisted in this operation, and in a short time the birds were consigned to their knapsacks, prepared for the fire.

"Now for the trail," said Jack, after carefully reloading his rifle.

The Indians had taken no pains to conceal their track, not dreaming of this immediate pursuit. The broken grass-blades and crushed leaves were indications as plain to the experienced scouts as would have been the forms of the savages themselves. Even Major Amberly's untrained eyes could trace the trail, and they walked on with assured rapidity.

The track ran straight through the forest, which here seemed to be very wide. It was mostly free from undergrowth, and there was no delay in their progress.

Jack led the way, following, with a free, long stride, in the path of the Indians. He was followed by Major Amberly; while Phil brought up the rear.

It was now several hours since the departure of the soldiers, and the sun was attaining considerable height in the eastern heavens. Flecks of its bright light penetrated the thick covering of leaves before them, and lit up the dusky glades of the dense forest.

The trees were full of singing birds. Squirrels ran hastily up the tree-trunks before them, and sat looking saucily down. All nature seemed rejoicing in the bright morning.

The character of the soil changed as they advanced. The trees of the wood grew more varied in species, blossoming shrubs rose before them, the ground became carpeted with wild flowers.

Phil, with youthful love of display, made himself a bouquet of the most attractive of these flowers, which, after enjoying for a few minutes, he stuck in the muzzle of his rifle, as the handiest flower holder.

They had now advanced some six miles, without a moment's delay, so far as the trail was concerned. It occasionally faded out in a space of hard or stony soil, but was always caught again a few paces further on, running straight northward.

They were still advancing with the same rapid step, when Jack stopped so suddenly that the Major almost ran upon him.

"Hist!" he said, in a low tone. "Not a word. There's trouble ahead."

He stood for a moment in a listening attitude, then stooped and placed his ear to the ground, deeply alive to some imagined sound in the distance.

"We must to cover," he said. "There's danger coming."

A thick clump of bushes rose to the left of the path, close beside them. They concealed themselves behind this, their senses alert to every sound.

"Take that stuff out of your rifle, Phil," said Jack. "You may have use for it."

Phil removed the flowers from their impromptu holder.

Major Amberly listened with all his powers for the sounds which had alarmed the scout. At length he heard what seemed distant voices faintly borne to his ear.

"They're gabbering away like so many magpies," muttered Jack. "Lucky we kept our tongues still."

Their heads were nearly on a level with the tops of the bushes behind which they were hidden. They could see through the thin twigs of the tops.

They had not been five minutes concealed, when there passed, in full view, about fifty yards to the right, a line of Indian warriors.

They were talking loudly, as they advanced with the free, swinging step of the native of the woods.

They counted ten in all, walking in Indian file, a fierce, dangerous-looking crew, in full war-paint.

Utterly unconscious of the eyes that were looking keenly upon them, the savages passed on, gradually disappearing from view behind the clustering trees and bushes of the woodland.

Their observers drew a long breath after they had disappeared.

"Indians ain't much given to gabbling," said Jack, "but we can thank their long tongues this time."

"What do you make of them?" asked the major.

"I judge they are the braves who have been conveying the wounded and prisoners. They've left them some place not far north, where they ain't afraid of pale faces coming, left the slightly wounded to take care of them, and have gone back themselves for a share of the spoils."

"And you think there are no well men left?"

"Four or five, maybe. Not more. They'll only give the wounded a rest, and then will likely take them to the Attoyac. They'll want some sound arms at the paddles."

"And the prisoners?"

"There I am in doubt. They may be taken to some other location. The Cherokees have many villages in the red lands. They are what we call civilized Indians, you know, and are regular farmers. We will have to trust to eyesight now. Guess work won't answer."

"We can safely move on now," said the major.

Jack Gray leaned on his rifle, looking thoughtfully through the close mass of tree trunks, behind which the savages had disappeared.

"What do you think, Phil?" he at length asked. "Will we have to fight for it?"

"Or run for it," said Phil. "We'll have, maybe, an hour's start."

"I do not understand you," said the major.

"It is just this, Major Amberly," said Jack. "We're done with plain sailing. We might have lost our scalps, if we hadn't sighted that line of redskins. We've got to break our trail, or there will be trouble."

"But why?" asked the major, doubtfully.

"Don't you see those fellows are not fifty feet off their outward trail. The line they are taking will cross it in a mile or two. Don't think that ten sharp-eyed warriors will cross such a plain track without seeing it, or without seeing another trail over it. They'll be sure to guess that a party of white men have come north towards their rendezvous. It's easy to tell how Indians will figure all that up."

"It may be for you. It is not for me."

"There's their wounded in danger. It's their business to turn back and protect them. That's calculation number one. There's a chance for scalps near at home. That's number two. They'll calculate to take us by surprise. That's number three, and strongest."

"Is not that the sound of a run of water above there?" asked Phil.

"It seems like it," said Jack, after intensely listening. "Let us be off. The minutes count now. There will, maybe, be a chance to wash out our trail."

Two hundred yards through the woods brought them to the run whose clear gurgle Phil had heard. It was a narrow stream, about six inches deep, with sandy bottom.

"They'll know we have took to it," said Jack, "but we can't help that. There's no good chance to double on them about here. Our only chance is to puzzle them about where we leave it."

Walking in the centre of the stream, they followed the run in its downward course. It gurgled on, receiving an occasional accession, and growing somewhat deeper as they advanced. Their progress was somewhat slow, but they were not long in leaving a mile of watery track behind them.

"It's my notion this stream runs into the Angelina," said Phil; "and not far away, either."

"You can go ahead," said Jack. "I'll try a traverse on our friends here."

There was a wide shelf of rock cropping to the surface just back from the water's edge. Walking with apparent care to make no trail, Jack stepped over the grassy edge to this rock. Passing over this there was another grassy border, with hard, firm ground beyond. He proceeded until he reached this hard ground, then carefully retraced his way back to the run, stepping in his own tracks.

"There's a neat trail for them to follow," he said, with a laugh. "Just plain enough to see, and not plain enough to look to be made on purpose. I'll bet they scent it, and try to nose us out on that line."

For a mile further they followed the stream. It cut here a sort of gully in its soft banks. The river was visible ahead.

"There's a strip of cane on this side," said Phil. "And, sure as shooting, there's tracks made through it by the animals. There's water enough to hide our steps. We can make our way through the brake and laugh at the redskins."

With the thick canes four feet above their heads, they followed the narrow animal tracks, toilsomely making their way forward for the next hour.

A keen watch was kept up upon the wood, just visible through the slender openings. No trace of the Indians was seen.

At the point to which they had now come the brake grew much narrower, a mere line of canes fringing the river.

"We have holed them, by all that's lucky!" cried Jack, pointing ahead.

A quarter of a mile before them, on the river bank, rose an elevation that overtopped the surrounding forest. It seemed about fifty feet high, with treeless sides and a bush-covered surface. To their eyes it seemed perfectly round, and of some fifty yards diameter. A gradual slope led to the flat surface.

"See! there are wigwam poles peeping above the bushes," said Jack.

"And there goes one of our friends with the news that they've found our trail," cried Phil, pointing to a small moving object that looked like a child at that distance, ascending the slope, and disappearing in the bushes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DEEP learning will make you acceptable to the learned; but it is only an easy and obliging behavior and entertaining conversation that will make you agreeable in all companies.

It would be a good thing when we are speaking of the beautiful and accomplished, if we could always add they are pure, innocent, and happy.

MY IDOL.

BY J. P.

I was at home one vacation, young, hopeful and ambitious.

I had not thought much about girls—surely nothing of marriage, for I was only twenty then, and naturally a student.

But there was a girl at mother's this wonderful summer time of which I write.

A girl with soft, intense brown eyes, and a pale, delicate face, relieved by a brilliant scarlet mouth and dark fine hair.

I should have been content to sit still all day long and stare at her.

Every tone of her voice was music, every word concentrated wisdom. At least that was what I thought then, and I did not intend to be spoony.

She would talk in a clear, plain way about duty and work to be done, and I would listen with varying color and quick coming breath, as though an oracle had spoken.

Then I opened my books, and set about reviewing my studies, with a grand ambition born somewhere among her words, differing entirely from the schoolboy ambition I had felt before.

Now I felt that there were certain truths hidden in nature which I ought to discover.

And all for her sake, who floated about the old house like a glimpse of light, never seeming to make the slightest effort for power or influence, and yet bringing hope and sunshine wherever she moved.

It was while I was thus charmed and dazed by her sweet presence that the dream of love came to me.

I thought how pleasant home would be if she could always brighten and bless it with her presence.

I wrote her a long, long letter, which, when finished, seemed so very formal and stupid, that I dreaded to think how a little, quiet laugh might lurk about her beautiful mouth, or a surprised, half-angry frown creep across her fair brows, if she ever read it.

Then I determined to commit the whole thing to memory, and repeat it to her at some convenient time, wondering if I could make her believe it a mere extemporaneous burst of eloquence.

There was not much burst about it, as I concluded when I came to rehearse it.

But she was so plain and practical, perhaps she would like it better, I thought, than any amount of rhetorical flourish.

It certainly evinced earnestness and determination.

I had thrown into it all the force of a college essay, with more heart that any essay ever held.

So I waded patiently through the whole four pages, and then waited and watched my chance.

I did not dare ask her to walk with me, and there was never a possibility of finding her alone anywhere about the house, for when she was not with mother, Thomas, my younger brother, was sure to be hanging about, and there was no use in trying to talk sentiment with his sharp eyes on the alert to catch every word, however softly spoken.

I do not know what kindly fate prompted my wanderings, one warm, bright afternoon, but out in the orchard I found her, my heart's queen, fast asleep in the hammock I had hung low between two gnarled old apple trees, with one hand holding the book she had been reading, and the other half closed beneath her pale, pretty face.

In an instant I had forgotten reason and argument.

I tore a leaf from my note-book, and wrote on it only—

"I love you."

Oh! strange epitome of life.

This I folded carefully, then slipped it as carefully into her hand, and walked away, saying softly—

"You will wake and find it and understand,
And all unaware will your answer be given,
For I shall be watching your dreamy eyes,
My fair queen lily, my glimpse of Heaven."

Then I climbed into the nearest tree, where I could see her plainly.

She woke soon—woke with a fluttering of white eyelids and a quick, soft sigh.

The folded paper rustled beneath her hand as she raised herself on one elbow.

She drew it out listlessly and read—

"I love you."

I saw the puzzled look on her face give place to a soft, rosy glow, such a wondering, happy look, then she glanced shyly around, slipped out of her swinging couch, and walked rapidly away.

I climbed into the nest she had left, and lay there dreaming for hours, quite content to know that she did not reject my love, and that she fully understood it, for I was sure I had heard her murmur:

"What a strange child he is!"

And I had chuckled all to myself, saying:

"Ah, little motherly woman, I am afraid you will find him a forward child to manage, but he means to grow gentle and good for your sake."

I knew it would not be right to bind her to any promise.

She was so young, and I had still two years of college life before me.

But I treated her with a new deference, which she returned with a shy sweetness that made her seem more charming than ever.

Only a few days passed in this way, and then vacation was ended, and I must needs return to college walls and written pages once again, thus shutting out that sweet, bright page of real life.

But only for a little time, I said to myself, until I can return and claim her.

I bade her good-bye as she stood by mother's side in the old porch, and with sudden, unintentional earnestness, I thanked her for the beauty she had lent to the beautiful summer, and the new interpretation of life and labor her brave, clear words had given.

The tears filled her soft, bright eyes, she gave my hand a last warm, clinging clasp, and so I left her.

The next year I went traveling with a class of boys to teach them surveying, and so for two years I did not see my dear old home, and only heard from my darling at irregular intervals, when mother would mention her name.

"Clarice is well."

"Clarice wishes to be remembered," and that was all.

Then I hastened home, only to learn that she, my darling, was to be married in a week to my brother Tom.

They had only waited for me to be with them.

Oh! how I cursed his round face, his big blue eyes, his bronze-bright, curling hair.

I wandered out to the orchard, and threw myself on the grass—alone.

I heard the soft rustle of her dress, and springing up with a burst of passion that would not be suppressed, I took her hands in mine, and said:

"Clarice, darling, you surely knew that I loved you?"

"No, oh, no!" she answered, with a horrified look.

"But the slip of paper I left in your hands two years ago."

"I thought it was from Tom," she said, drearily. "And the bitterest moment of my life was when—last night—I learned——"

"But it is not too late now," I urged. "You may, you must, be mine."

For one instant her face flushed pink, like the deep, sweet heart of a rose.

Then the white, tense look came back.

"No! I have promised. It is useless to quarrel with fate."

"And you do not love me," I said, with mournful bitterness, hating myself the next moment for torturing her so, as I saw her red lips quiver, her eyes grow dim with tears.

She put up her face like a little child and nestled her cheek against mine, while she whispered in my ear words that I would not repeat to the recording angel.

But all I could say would not move her.

She had promised.

And so that good-natured boy, who has taken everything that I ever wanted, since he crowded me out of the old cradle, holds in his white hand my "queen lily."

Gods! how can I live, knowing that this is true?

When I sit under the shadow of the pyramids or tread the burning sands of Sahara—when I float down the Nile or climb the Alps, "sun-burned, snow-chilled, and tempest-tossed," I see beside me ever—not my brother's wife, but "my idol," with her intense brown eyes and thrilling, fire-fraught words, and I know that

"My secret is safe with her alone;
And somewhere in God's great summer land
When the fever of life is over and done,
We shall wake together—and understand."

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

The Tower of London was erected by William the Conqueror to awe the turbulent citizens of London; but though it has now stood for eight centuries, it has never sustained an attack from a foreign enemy. Whenever there has been commotion within or around the fortress, it has been kindled by the rude passions of domestic contestants. The main features of the buildings are a keep or citadel termed the White Tower, surrounded by a double line of walls and bulwarks, which constitute severally the inner and outer ward or ballium. This outer rampart again is encompassed by a deep moat of half a mile of exterior circumference, now filled up and converted into a garden or parade ground. The towers of the outer ward are severally called: 1. The Middle or Martin Tower; 2. The Byward Tower, the Traitor's Gate or St. Thomas' Tower, the Cradle Tower, the Well Tower, and the Develin or Iron Gate Tower. The towers of the inner ward are the Bloody Tower, Bell Tower, Beauchamp Tower, Devereux, Flint, Bowyer, Brick, Jewel, Constable, Broad Arrow, Salt, and Record Towers. These were erected at various times, and all have some interest attached to them, either as prison-houses or scenes of dread murder.

Visitors are shown over the various towers in groups of about thirty, escorted by a warder or yeoman of the guard who wears the quaint livery of Henry VII. The group of sight-seers is mainly made up of the country element, with a sprinkling of schoolboys. The majority are evidently under the morbid influence of the horrible; the dismal tower, the gloomy dungeon, and the real headsman's axe and block, entirely obliterating the interest of curious armor, inlaid weapons, or stone cannon-balls.

The warder is generally regarded as a man of great learning, to whom questions are submitted with a certain amount of awe and deference. "Sir," says the visitor, "is this the real axe?" "Is this the block?" or, "Are those the clothes worn by Sir Walter Raleigh?" No question puts the warder out. He has his lesson by heart, and repeats to all in the stereotyped phrase, with a bland and conscious smile of superior wisdom.

But let us follow him, which we all do with outstretched necks, like hungry geese expecting to be fed. A sudden halt, and the picturesque old yeoman faces about—awful hush and breathless attention from all in expectation of some sanguinary tale or dark deed. Sometimes the appetite is gratified, sometimes not—the "horrible" generally setting the whole company murmuring one with the other. Entering by the Middle and Byward Towers, on either side of the moat, we at length enter the inner ward by the Bloody Tower. Here the visitors are for a while spell-bound, and can scarce be persuaded to move on; for is it not the traditionary scene of the murder of the royal children, the two sons of Edward IV., in 1483? Immediately opposite is the celebrated Traitor's Gate, by which State prisoners entered the Tower.

We now enter the great central square building known as the White Tower. It is three stories high, or ninety-two feet, and contains the Horse Armory, Queen Elizabeth's Armory, St. John's Chapel, etc., the other portions being filled with war stores. One never forgets a visit to the Horse Armory, where, in a gallery one hundred and fifty feet long, are ranged equestrian and other figures wearing armor. The whole are chronologically arranged. The idea of exhibiting armor on equestrian statues of our kings seems to have originated in Charles II's reign. Armor was superseded at the close of the seventeenth century by the general use of firearms, and all the stores of the old weapons were returned to the Tower. Additions have been made from time to time from all sources, till the collection contains most interesting specimens of armor and of weapons of almost every age of English history. The collection also embraces many foreign specimens. In this room the visitors take great delight, for there is a reality among the mounted warriors, the knights, esquires, and men-at-arms, which at once recalls the days of tilt and tournay and glorious fray.

FRUGALITY may be termed the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance, and the parent of liberty. He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence and invite corruption.

THE chief ingredients in the composition of those qualities that gain esteem and praise are good nature, truth, good sense and good breeding.

SENTIMENT AND COOKERY.

There is a very extraordinary book just out in England which is in reality a cookery book, written in a novel fashion, with the idea of supplying spiritual nutriment while suggesting dishes for the table. The result is sometimes comical. A bill of fare is given for every day in the year, prefaced by a motto which the lady may ponder before ordering dinner. On one day, the dinner, which is to consist of mixed soup, neck of veal braized, vegetables and lemon custard, is prefaced by the exclamation, "Quench, oh, quench not the flame of love! it is the breath of your being." On another day, when the lady is to provide broiled brill, roast fowl and pattypan puddings, she is invoked in these words of Sir Philip Sidney's: "Dost thee love me? Keep thee then still worthy to be loved." On another occasion, while reading how to cook oyster omelet, stewed brisket of beef, vegetable marrow, and baked arrowroot pudding, the lady is reminded that "the heart of a young woman in love is a golden sanctuary which often enshrines an idol of clay." It is a little droll to read in one line how for two congenial hearts marriage has no unpleasant side, and from the text to learn the best way of cooking a herring. The affecting words, "My own! my own! oh, breathes there one to whom that simple word's not dear?" are immediately followed by advice to "Cut the fish open sufficiently to empty the inside; remove the roes and thoroughly wash them and the mackerel."

ROMANCE READING.—There is nothing good comes from the intellect alone. All true sentiment, all noble, all tender feeling, comes not of the understanding, but of the mind—or heart, if we so please to call it—which imagination raises, educates, and perfects. Even feelings are to be made—are much the result of education. The wildest romances will, in this respect, teach nothing wrong. It is not true that such reading enervates the mind. We firmly believe it strengthens it in every respect, by freeing it from a lower and cowardly caution. It encourages action and endurance. We have not high natures till we learn to suffer. We have seen the unromantic drop like sheep under the rot of their calamities, while the romantic have been buoyant, and mastered them.

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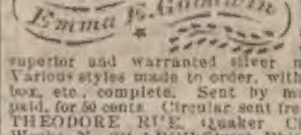

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R. J. C. WALKER,

Editor and Proprietor, 727 Walnut Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

The Boudoir

(Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.)

It is at once curious and amusing to note the difference between what people preach and what they practice. Never has there been so universal a wail concerning the necessity for economy and especially in matters of dress. Even in the journals of fashion from across the waters—English, French and German—in all languages the cry goes up. This by way of preaching. On one page we find a sermon against extravagance and the wickedness of wives and daughters who persist in running their husbands and fathers into such sloughs of debts, while on the next we find descriptions of the most tempting and dainty toilettes of silk and velvet, charming enough to turn our poor feminine brains past all possibility of heeding the sage advice given upon the preceeding page.

This state of things but repeats itself upon our side of the water. The "wave of economy" that, following the law of the earthquake, was so prated about not long ago, has swept round the globe, is felt with double force here, as a sequence, if we may so term it, to the terrible financial crisis through which we have so lately passed. It behooves us, fair friends, to stand forth "like women," and take, as a base for our platform, the happy medium of conformity to our means. If our purses, as those of our natural protectors and "bread-winners," are slim, then let our toilettes be marked by that neatness and simplicity which is always attainable, and always elegant. If, upon the other hand, the purse is plethoric, let a consideration for the many who need, nay, who are in actual want of the necessaries of life, extend itself even to our toilettes. In fine, let us urge you to consult the columns of the "Boudoir" for any advice needed concerning the arrangement of, and selection of costumes appropriate for all—for most certainly it shall be in future, as well as hitherto our aim, only to offer to our readers such suggestions about their toilettes as we shall deem appropriate to the times, and state of their papa's and husband's pockets. We have always felt great sympathy with those latter much abused sons of Adam, whom, at the end of the year, those ominous-looking yellow envelopes came in, and disclosed, upon opening, sheet upon sheet of foolscap, all black with items and figures—completely *disfigured*—we doubt not would be the verdict of the victim who received and settled them. And now, having preached our little sermon, we will to business.

The most charming toilette that we can offer is one which can be made either of silk or cashmere, vigogne, or any of the soft woolen stuffs so deservedly popular. Our model was of dark, slate-colored silk. The underskirt was trimmed at the bottom with a flounce put on in large box plaits; above was a deep puff, edged top and bottom with a ruffle three inches wide. Directly in the back two widths of silk were formed into a large double box plait, which, upon the top, was buttoned together. This plait was made apart from the skirt, lined with fine crinoline, to keep it in shape, and afterward put on. The overskirt, a deep, round apron, trimmed with a knife-edge pleating, six inches deep, was fastened behind under the box plait described. The basque was a plain, round, tightly-fitting one, trimmed with a knife-edge pleating to match the underskirt. A similar pleating, headed by a standing ruffle, finished the neck, and was closed at the throat by a double bow of the material, if of silk; if made of cashmere, then the bow is of faille ribbon, or gros grain, of a color to match the dress. The sleeves were plain, trimmed at the wrist with a double knife-edge pleating, which fell over the hand in a ruffle.

A hat of gray velvet and silk, trimmed with bows and loops of velvet in front, and two short curled ostrich plumes, falling over the back, one gray, the other black, was worn with this suit.

Another costume was of silk. The underskirt was of black and white silk, wide stripes, trimmed with four flounces, each eight or nine inches deep; the bottom one cut straight across the material, the stripes running perpendicularly, laid on in kilt plaits, an inch wide; above this, and slightly overlapping it, a bias flounce of the same depth, put on gathered; then another straight, plaited flounce; then another bias one—this last headed with a standing ruffle. The overdress was of black faille, round apron front, embroidered or braided, or, if preferred, trimmed with passamenterie around the bottom, cut in seven points, the middle one the largest and widest, edged with fringe or lace. At the left side of the front hangs a deep outer pocket of silk, square at the bottom, and wider than at the top. It is edged with fringe, and must be ornamented to correspond with the front of the overskirt. The back is simply two wide sash-ends, gathered up into a bouffante just below the waist, and trimmed on the ends with embroidery and fringe. The basque is deep and pointed in front, shorter behind. The novelty consists of a piece which covers the entire front as far as the last dart, across the bust, while it slopes down to a width of four inches across the front of the waist, widening out again until it reached the bottom of the basque front. It is completely covered with braiding, or such trimming as may be used upon the overskirt, and is fastened on at one side by hooks underneath. The coat sleeves are braided or embroidered on the upper side. A small, round standing collar finishes the neck.

Hat of light gray felt, with upturned rim, trimmed with a fold of velvet under it, and two upright loops of velvet at the left side; plume of black and white.

These costumes we have been minute in describing, because although extremely elegant they are also easy to imitate.

There is a very odd and stylish way of trimming the front of dresses, either of silk or cashmere. One, of brown cashmere, we will describe to illustrate our meaning.

It was made with a deep Spanish flounce in front at the bottom. This flounce was shirred directly in the middle, thus forming a puff and flounce; above a standing ruffle was placed. A breadth of the cloth was laid in three deep upturned folds, and put diagonally across the front, commencing near the waist and quite far back and ending down at the top of the flounce which trimmed the bottom, fastened there with a large double bow. A similar piece was placed at the other side, and crossed this directly in the middle of the front breadth, and was fastened also with a bow. No overskirt was worn. The back widths were put on in one immense double box-pleat, under whose folds this trimming commenced. A sash with loops and ends was placed at the back. The basque was pointed back and front, trimmed with folds simulating a berthe, which terminated in a double bow upon the bust. Sleeves shirred lengthwise to the elbow, falling from thence in double row of knife-edge pleating. Bow of faille upon the upper side, near the elbow. Standing collar.

A charming coiffure for a bride consisted of a wreath of orange and myrtle buds, which was put on before the veil, and which was fastened a little toward the left side, passing from thence around the head under two large curls which fell at the back; from thence across the front of the neck over the right shoulder. The veil of tulle, plainly hemmed, was thrown over the entire person, covering the face. After the ceremony it was looped aside. Ties of China crape, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, are again the favorite garniture for the neck.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. R. H. (Clarksburg, W. Va.)—Sent samples of plaids 17th ult., also price, etc.

A. L. P.—Much obliged for your very kind wishes. We will price the articles for you with pleasure.

MRS. M. S. (Centreville, W. Va.)—Sent cloth for boy's suit by express, 18th ult. Hope you may soon receive it.

ELLA.—We sent you the prices of the head comb some time ago. We can get it for you any time, on receipt of price, and send by mail or express.

BERT W.—Certainly you had a right to make the *mouchoir* case for your *fiance*, especially when he had asked you for it, too. Don't mind "Aunt Matrie" about such a trifle as that. Why didn't you send to us for a pattern? We have a lovely one.

LOTTIE AND BESS.—Will you never learn, dear girls, not to ask us to recommend cosmetics? We utterly disapprove of them. If you are suffering from a coarseness or roughness of complexion, consult some good physician. We cannot recommend or advise anything else.

MISS R. MCR.—You can wear your hair as high as you like, or as low upon your neck as may suit your style of countenance. Both are fashionable. The charm of French dressing lies, we think, in its adaptability to different kinds of figures, faces, etc. We Americans are too apt to seize one style of dress, one mode of arranging the hair, and adopt it, regardless of effect. Our more tasteful neighbors "across the sea," study effect, and fitness in dress, above all things, hence their perfect success in such matters, and reputation for style and elegance.

NINON.

CHARLES DICKENS' COMPLETE WORKS.

The following curious catalogue of Charles Dickens' books is worth preservation: "Oliver Twist," who had some very "Hard Times" in "The Battle of Life," and having been saved from "The Wreck of the Golden Mary" by "Our Mutual Friend," "Nicholas Nickleby," had just finished reading "A Tale of the Two Cities" to "Martin Chuzzlewit," during which time "The Cricket on the Hearth" had been chirping right merrily, while "The Chimes" from the adjacent church were heard, when "Seven Poor Travelers" commenced singing a "Christmas Carol; "Barnaby Rudge" then arrived from the "Old Curiosity Shop," with some "Pictures from Italy," and "Sketches by Boz," to show "Little Dorrit," who was busy with the "Pickwick Papers," when "David Copperfield," who had been taking "American Notes," entered and informed the company that the "Great Expectations" of "Dombey & Son," regarding "Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy," had not been realized, and that he had seen "Boots at the Holly Tree Inn" taking "Somebody's Luggage" to "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings," in a street that has "No Thoroughfare," opposite "Bleak House," where "The Haunted Man," who had just given one of "Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions," to an "Uncommercial Traveler," was brooding over "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." While thus engaged, he received "A Message from the Sea," which was dated from "The Haunted House," located, as every lawyer knows, on "Tom Tiddler's Ground," and which for many years was "A House To Let;" and no wonder, for it was beset with all "The Perils of English Prisoners," and in its gloomy chambers was written the jolly life of "Joseph Grimaldi, the Clown," who always, when traveling, lunched at "Mugby Junction," where the merciless conductors invariably "Hunted Down" hungry wayfarers, who, to while away the weary, waiting moments, profitably and pleasantly employed the time in reading the volume of "Dickens' New Stories." But when the meal was once served, the readers, in their attempts to get through the edibles, did not make "A Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices."

THE LANGUAGE OF COLORS.—The French hold that violet is analogous to friendship, blue to love, as suggested by blue eyes and azure sky. A bunch of violets would therefore tell a lady's suitor that friendship is all he has a right to expect. Yellow is paternity or maternity; it is the yellow ray of the spectrum which causes the germ to shoot. Red figures ambition; indigo, the spirit of rivalry; green, the love of change, fickleness, but also work; orange, enthusiasm; white, unity, universality; black, favoritism, the influence exerted by an individual. Certain persons have the gift of fascinating all who approach them; and black, which absorbs all the rays of the spectrum, is the reverse of white, which combines them in one. Besides the seven primitive colors, gray indicates poverty; brown, prudery; pink, modesty; silver-gray (semi-white), feeble love; lilac (semi-violet), feeble friendship; pale pink, false shame.

TRUTH is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

MANY ways of happiness have been discovered, but all agree there is none so pleasant as loving and being loved.

"A BOON."

BY W. M. G.

We wander'd on the mountain's brow
At eve, my love and I;
To watch the sunset's fiery glow,
To hear the fir-tree's sigh.

I woo'd the maiden by my side,
She hung her bashful head;
And would you know what she replied,
And what your poet said?

"A boon!" said I, "by those fair stars
That gem th' all-golden west,
And brighten through yon blue-laced bars
Like islands of the blest!

"Grant me my boon, sweet maid, and leave
Thy lover lapp'd in bliss!
Ah, bend thy stately neck, nor grieve
To spare thy swain—a kiss!"

My goddess turn'd her dove-like eyes,
And stilled her blushing fears:
Drew near, and then—to my surprise
Instead—she box'd my ears!

HOW DACRE CHECKMATED HIMSELF.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"Confound it all!" exclaimed Dacre one morning as he opened a letter to find it contained a tailor's bill for a year back; "something's got to be done, and that right away. A dun yesterday for boots, and one the day before for cigars and wine, and now one for clothes. I don't see how I'm to get out of the scrape only by getting married. There's Miss Courtney; she's rich and handsome, and I'm quite sure she'd be glad to have me. If I were to marry her I could pay up all my bills and begin life over square with everybody. But I'm afraid I'm not exactly a family man. I couldn't settle down into a Benedict; the apron-strings would pull too tight for comfort. However, there's no help for it, as I see. I'd like Miss Courtney's money without the incumbrance of Miss Courtney. But as I can't have it, I'll have to take the incumbrance. I think I'll write to her, and also to brother Ned, telling him that I'm coming to town in a few days, and giving him a hint concerning my plans."

So Dacre sat down and wrote two letters. One of them was to Miss Courtney, and read as follows:

MY DEAR MISS COURTNEY:—I have been thinking for a long time back of coming to make you that visit you made me promise to pay you, when I saw you last. Lately I have felt so lonely, and life has seemed such an aimless, empty thing, with no one in it to care very much for me, or for me to care very much for, that I have been thinking that, possibly, I might make it what it ought to be—a brighter, cheerier existence, with home and love to furnish that which it lacks now. Have you ever felt as I do? Has your heart never yearned for the companionship of some one to whom you could turn for sympathy and comfort? I am sure it has. It is because I think this, that I am coming to see you soon; and when I am with you, I can tell you what my pen cannot. You understand me as no one else does. You will know, without my saying anything more, what impulse has led me to write this to you, which is more than I have ever said to any other woman.

I shall come down in about two weeks. I hope you will be as glad to see me as I shall try to make myself think you will be. I hope you have as pleasant remembrances of that month at the mountains as I have. If you have, you will never forget them. Till I see you, good-bye.

Your truest friend, LUCIEN DACRE.

"There," said Dacre, reading the epistle over when he had finished it, "I fancy that is a model of its kind. It hints a great deal, and will suggest a great deal to the lady, who was so favorably impressed with me at the mountains. She will know what I am coming after. I wonder if she thinks I am fascinated. Ned tells me she always asks after me with a great deal of solicitude, and seems wonderfully interested in my welfare. Well, I don't know as I care much what she thinks if I only get her, and I'm sure I can get her. I wish I was as sure of handling her money after she is Mrs. Dacre as I am of that."

Then he sat down and wrote a letter to his brother, as follows:

DEAR NED:—I am coming to town in a week or two on business. Something new, too. The fact is, Ned, I'm getting deuced hard up. Old Poole, the tailor, sent in his bill this morning, and I've had duns from my honored creditors for a week past, as regular as the mails; and I haven't five dollars to my name. I don't know of any other way of getting out of the scrape than by taking to me a wife. Don't laugh at the idea of your humble servant in the *role* of a Benedict. I'm in earnest. I'm coming to woo Miss Courtney. She hasn't any use for her thousands, and I have; for three of four of them, at least, in paying up my debts. I know she was quite "struck" with me when we met last summer, and I came near proposing to her then; but I never fancied the idea of becoming a domestic man, and I wasn't so hard up then as I am now. Besides, I wasn't really fascinated with her, and I am not now. I assure you, I shan't marry her for love. I'm going to do it purely as a matter of policy. I mean business. I ignore romance wholly in this transaction, and go into the matrimonial harness in the most matter-of-fact way imaginable. Don't it sound rather pesky to talk of getting married for the sake of getting out of the clutches of clamorous creditors? Perhaps it will be jumping from the frying-pan into the fire, but I think I'll try it. Have written to tell her I'm coming.

Yours, LUCIEN DACRE.

He took a couple of envelopes from the desk, addressed them, and folded the letters, and slipped each one into its envelope.

"There, that job's done," he said, drawing a breath of relief. "I hate to write letters; I always did. I can't help laughing to think how pleased Miss Courtney will be when she gets that letter. She'll swallow it all, without thinking of doubting it for a moment. Women are so credulous!"

With which assertion of manly wisdom, drawn from his large experience in testing the credulity of womenkind, doubtless, Mr. Lucian Dacre lit a cigar and sallied forth to exhibit himself to the admiring citizens of the place, where he was fond of saying he was "burying himself alive," and to mail the two letters he had just written.

* * * * *

Miss Sophie Courtney was drumming on the window-pane with the ivory paper-knife she had just been using to cut the pages of the last new novel, and thinking busily. You could have told that by the wrinkles in her pretty face. It was a face which was fair to see, but not a strong face, nor one that indicated a great deal of depth of mind or a habit of much thoughtfulness. She didn't like to take the trouble to think. It puzzled her, and puckered her face into wrinkles all over. She had never had to think much, unless the worry of dressing and dancing, and having a good time generally, can be said to involve thinking, which I doubt, if you mean the same thing when you say thought that I do.

Miss Courtney was in a brown study. She wished she knew what to do. She had a lover, who was well to do, of good family, and ardent in his affection for her. He came to see her often, and she really respected him if she did not love him. Sometimes she thought she did care for him enough to marry him and be happy with him.

But she had another. She could hardly call him lover, and yet he had made love to her in a certain fashion which may mean a great deal or nothing at all. She had met Lucien Dare, and liked him very much. He had a handsome face, an easy, assured address, and was a favorite with the fair sex. She was not quite sure that she loved him, but—and there her cogitations broke off abruptly. If he were to offer her his heart and hand she wasn't quite sure but she should accept him. But he hadn't offered either yet, and she didn't know as he intended to. What puzzled her was to know what to do with Pierce Stafford. If he proposed marriage, and he knew she was ready to do so on the least encouragement, should she say yes or no? If she said no, and waited for Dacre, he might never come. If she said yes, Dacre might come, and then she might regret what she had done.

"I wish I knew what to do," said Miss Sophie, her face wrinkling worse than ever over the problem. "If Stafford were only as handsome as Dacre now, and had such fascinating ways, I wouldn't hesitate."

The servant, who entered the room at this juncture, brought a letter for her. She took it, and her face lit up with delight as she recognized the handwriting of the superscription, and lost all its wrinkles as if by magic.

"It's from Dacre," she said, tearing it open. "I wonder what he can be writing to me for?"

She read it through with a curious mixture of astonishment, surprise and indignation in her face. It was the letter Dacre had written to his brother. He had slipped the wrong letters into the envelopes.

"I see how it happened," she said, at last, after having thought over it until all the wrinkles came back into her face. "He sent my letter to his brother, and his brother's letter to me. What a lucky mistake for me. Mr. Lucien Dacre, I fancy you'll find it a harder thing to marry me than you anticipate. What I fool I was to believe him."

Her eyes flashed with indignation as she read the letter over again.

"He means business, does he?" she said, carefully folding up the letter and putting it away. "Well, so do I. I think I'll get even with you yet, Mr. Dacre."

That evening Mr. Stafford called, and she was so agreeable that he felt encouraged to speak to her of a little matter that had been near his heart for a long time back, and she did not answer no. So he went away a happy man, and Sophie felt better prepared to meet Mr. Dacre.

It was about a week later when Dacre came. She met him with her blandest smiles, and he felt satisfied that she was as glad to see him as he had anticipated she would be. It wasn't her intention to have her little revenge just yet. She wanted to wait till everything was ready for the working out of her plan.

Mr. Dacre was very attentive to her. He brought her flowers and took her out riding and to the opera, and she pretended to be completely bewitched by him. He felt that all he had to do was to say the word and she was his.

One night he determined to bring affairs to a crisis. He considered that proposing marriage to her was merely a formality which must be gone through with, because he was so well satisfied what her answer would be; but then the words must be said, and the sooner the better. He couldn't feel surer of her after she had said yes than he was then.

Miss Sophie was wonderfully charming that night. She led him on to a proposal skillfully. Her eyes were full of exultant triumph when he dropped on his knee after the most approved fashion, seized her hand and told her how he loved her and asked her to be his wife.

"You aren't mistaken, are you?" she asked, smiling in a way that puzzled him.

"I—I don't know what you mean," he said.

"I thought you must have been mistaken in saying that you loved me, because you said in this letter that you didn't care for me particularly, but wanted to marry me for the purpose of getting money to pay off your debts. You ought to have more regard for the truth, Mr. Dacre, and said that you were in debt and wanted my money to pay your tailor bills, and cigar and wine bills with, and then asked me to marry you. I think you made a slight mistake when you sent this letter to me," and here she unfolded the letter he had written to his brother Ned before his horrified eyes; "and I couldn't marry you, anyway, because I have been engaged to Mr. Stafford for a long time." After which feminine fiction she sat in silent enjoyment of Mr. Dacre's discomfiture, which was complete enough to satisfy her womanly spite.

Mr. Dacre is not married yet. His tailor's bill was unpaid at latest accounts, and the cigar and wine man has given up all hope of getting anything. Mrs. Stafford, *nee* Miss Sophie Courtney, often thinks with triumphant delight of the way in which she was revenged on the man who wanted to marry her for her money.

"LITTLE CONJURERS."

"I am fond of children," said the late Dr. Binney. "I think them the poetry of the world, the fresh flowers of our hearths and homes—little conjurers, with their 'natural magic,' evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks and equalizes the different classes of society. Often, as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think, if there was never anything anywhere to be seen but great grown-up men and women! How we should long for the sight of a little child! Every infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is 'to turn the fathers to the children,' and to draw 'the disobedient to the wisdom of the just.' A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence; it enriches the soil by new feelings, and awakens within what is favorable to virtue. It is a beam of life, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few could resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart; they brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life."

THE ruins of old friendships are even a more melancholy spectacle than those of desolated palaces. They exhibit the heart that was once lighted up with joy all damp and deserted, and haunted by those birds of ill omen that only nestle in ruins.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to R. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—An Old Man's Story. "And the Days Go By." Faded Flowers. The Autobiography of a Twig. The Charmer. The Prince of Haymakers. Virginia May. Description of Pompon's Procession. Adrift.

PURCHASING BUREAU.

In consequence of frequent applications from numerous correspondents living at a distance, for the purchase of books, jewelry and many other articles, the above department has been established. It is in charge of a thoroughly competent and responsible person, who will hereafter execute commissions for the purchase of goods of every description. The FASHION EMPRESS will give special attention to articles for Ladies' toilet. All orders must be accompanied by the money to be expended, with instructions as to kind, quality and quantity of goods desired. Packages forwarded by mail or express to any part of the country.

*** BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS passed June 23, 1874, and now in force, the mailing of articles of merchandise, in packages not exceeding *four pounds* in weight, on payment in postage at the rate of one cent for each two ounces is permitted. The former law limited the weight to one pound. The new law, therefore, will prove of great accommodation to the public, enabling people at a distance to send orders to the large cities for innumerable articles, such as dry goods, clothing, books, jewelry, seeds, bulbs, photographs, tools, stationery, teas, engravings, etc., etc., and to have the articles sent by mail at much less than express rates.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

A. M. A. (E. N.)—We will be happy to send you the story you want, in book form, on receipt of your address, and the sum of one dollar and a half.

E. B.—For chilblains, a very weak solution of muriatic acid is very good. Warm and dry feet, and plenty of leg exercise, are the only preventatives that we know of. In our "Receipts" column you will find some receipts that may be of use.

W. B. (Mt. Holly).—The following are the lines to which you have reference, we fancy, and which are from Pope's "Essay on Criticism:"

"Words are like leaves, and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."

EX-VOLUNTEER.—Rank in the British army descends as follows, starting from the colonel: Lieutenant-colonel, major, captain, second captain, lieutenant, sub-lieutenant or ensign, paymaster, adjutant, quartermaster, sergeant-major, color sergeant, sergeant, corporal, and lance-corporal.

NELLY.—Be certain first that your lover has slighted you, as many young ladies are apt to fancy they are slighted if their lovers, from unavoidable causes, absent themselves for a few days. If he has done so, inquire the cause, and you will be able to judge whether the excuse he has to offer is satisfactory or not.

A. J.—Many thanks for your compliment. We regret that we cannot assist you in removing the marks you complain of. They are probably constitutional. (2.) You may adopt any name you please in writing to us. Real names are only necessary where contributions are sent, and then as a guarantee of good faith only.

CADET.—There have been some changes made lately in the regulations of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Among them we notice is one fixing the annual examination of the cadets to commence on the 10th of June, instead of the 20th of May. The examination of candidates for admission as cadet midshipmen will take place on June 21st and September 13th, in future.

X. Y. Z.—You need not fear to use any recipe recommended in these columns, as we carefully exclude any that are of an injurious tendency—depilatories in particular. (2.) Your writing is fair, and spelling correct. (3.) Young persons continue growing till they are twenty-one. (4.) You are about two inches over the average stature of your sex.

D. W. F. (Newburgh, O.)—If we were in your predicament, in love with and paying attentions to a young lady who loved some one better than she did us, we don't think we would take any course to win her love, but let the other fellow have her and welcome. Perhaps if we wanted her very badly, as you seem to do, we should try to make ourselves as agreeable to her as we could, and in that way cut out the intruder.

CHANCER W. (Norristown, Pa.)—*Pinchbeck* (not back) is an alloy of copper and zinc, made to resemble some of the alloys of gold. The name is derived from its having been first presented to public notice by a clock and musical instrument maker of London, named Christopher Pinchbeck. There's a considerable amount of philanthropy, statesmanship, etc., which strongly resembles and might be appropriately classified under this title.

J. F. M.—We can only give you the height of a few of the most famous edifices in the world. The height of the Pyramid of Ghizeh in Egypt, is 543 feet; the steeple of Cologne Cathedral, 511 feet; Antwerp Cathedral, 476; the Minster, at Strasburg, 468; St. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna, 442; cupola of the Jesuit's Church, Rome, 431; cupola of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, 347; steeples of St. Mark's, Venice, 328; cupola of the Invalides, Paris, 295; the Monument, London, 202, etc., etc.

EVELL.—There are two proverbs that apply particularly to your case, and which we have no doubt you will see the full force of: "Between two stools you will fall to the ground," and "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." You were, we think, at least, indiscreet in accompanying the second gentleman to a place of amusement, while you were considering over and had not given a definite answer to a proposal made you previously by another gentleman. We are not surprised at his having resented such an act of folly on your part by retracting the offer he had made.

L. F. (Cincinnati).—Your advertisement or notice asking for "correspondents with a view to matrimony," is of a nature which we have always been strongly opposed to, and, of course, have never allowed our columns to degenerate into a medium for such. As you, however, appear to be thoroughly in earnest, you might state your wants in some local paper, giving an address at the post office, and guarding yourself against practical jokers, who are always ready to answer such advertisements. We need hardly say, however, that we highly disapprove of this mode of obtaining introduction to a lady. Surely a much more proper and sensible way would be for you to consult some middle-aged lady acquaintance—you must have such—who could, we are sure, put you in the way of getting a wife.

SCHOLAR.—"What do you consider a *good* education?" We cannot answer this question better than by giving you the late Edward Everett's opinion of what constituted a good education. Here it is: "To read the English language well, to write with dispatch a neat, legible hand, and be master of the first four rules of arithmetic, so as to dispose of at once, with accuracy, every question of figures which comes up in practice—I call this a good education. And if you add the ability to write pure, grammatical English, I regard it as an excellent education. These are the tools. You can do much with them, but you are hopeless without them. They are the foundation; and unless you begin with these, not with flashy attainments, a little geology, and all other slogies and ographies are ostentatious rubbish."

INQUIRER.—"Do you really think that a tendency to grow fat is a sign of good health?" No, nor is it considered one of long life either. If a man or woman be above the normal weight, and the weight be rapidly increasing, it is not a favorable condition, since such a person is quickly making fat, and may convert tissues whose integrity is necessary to life, into the same material. Especially in such is there a tendency to apoplexy, fatty degeneration of the arteries of the brain being often a cause of this disease.

"GERMAN CITIZEN.—The amount paid by the French Government to the Germans on account of the indemnity for the late war, including the cost of the exchange operations, the discount on paper, and the interest on the three milliards, reached the enormous total of $1,063,131,770. Of this amount, however, Germany returned $140,000 as an overpayment, and a sum of $28,240 is in dispute. Deducting these two amounts, there remains an unquestioned total of $1,062,963,550, to which must be added the contributions of war levied by Germany on French cities, amounting to $50,281,665, making the total loss of France from this war the enormous sum of $1,113,245,215.

ROBERT BRUCE.—The origin of the saying, "Consistency, thou art a jewel," has puzzled many a scholar, and whether or not the following authority may be relied upon as the starting point, or as only using a borrowed idea, we cannot assert. In a ballad entitled "Jolly Robyn Roughhead," published in 1764, in a little volume of English and Scotch ballads, the poet bewails the extravagance in dress, which he considers the grand enormity of his day, and makes Robin address his wife as follows:

"Tush! tush, my lassie! such thoughts resigne,
Comparisons are cruell,
Fine pictures suit to frames as fine,
Consistencie's jewell!"

W. CLARKE (Columbus, Ohio).—(1.) The distance from New York to Liverpool is three thousand and twenty miles (3,020), taking the usual "steamer course," or, to particularize, as you request, it is divided thus: From Jersey City to Sandy Hook, twenty-seven miles; Sandy Hook to Cape Clear, two thousand seven hundred and twenty-three miles; Cape Clear to Queenstown (Cork Harbor), thirty-four miles; Queenstown to Liverpool, two hundred and thirty-six miles. (2.) Yes, a longer time is required for the passage during the winter months, the average being about three days in excess of the summer trips. We should not advise an invalid to cross at this season of the year.

H. E. S.—You are right in saying that, according to the strict letter of the law, bells are only allowed to the Church of England; but both the letter and spirit of that law are things of the past. Any congregation may set up a peal of bells. As to your other question, we may as well inform you briefly, that bells were used among the Jews, Greeks, and Romans. According to Strabo, the responses of the Greek oracle were in part conveyed by bells; and Pliny informs us that the monument of Porsenna was decorated by pinnacles, each surmounted by bells. They were introduced into the Christian church by Paulinus, Bishop of Nole, in Campagna, about A. D. 400. They were first known in France in 550. The Saxon king, Egbert, commanded every priest at the proper hours to sound the bells of his church. The first tuneable bells were set up at Croyland Abbey, England, 950.

C. F. (Warren).—"How long does it take for a telegraphic dispatch to cross the Atlantic on the cable, and are the wires encased in anything, and, if so, with what?" It depends entirely on the length of the dispatch. Each wave of the electric force traverses the wire almost instantaneously, but as there must be several motions of the operator's finger for each letter, and as there must be a certain interval between each wave, considerable time is occupied in sending a long dispatch. The cables wires are encased in several coatings. The centre is composed of a steel wire. Around this several copper wires are wound spirally. These form the conductor, copper being the best conducting metal for electricity. These are coated with gutta percha, in three layers. Outside of this is a coating of Manilla yarn, wound spirally in one direction, and a second coating wound in the other direction. The gutta percha is intended, by its non-conducting properties, to insulate the electricity in the wire, and the Manilla yarn to protect the gutta percha.

IGNORANCE.—"We have been reading the accounts of the observations of the transit of Venus, but have been puzzled to understand what is meant by the word 'parallax,' so often used. Can you enlighten us?" We will try to, as simply as we can. First find the side of a large building, before which is a broad piece of level ground. Some distance from the building, and directly facing it, set up a tall stake. Still further from the building measure off a line of, say twenty feet, whose direction shall be parallel with the face of the building. Let this last line represent the distance between two posts of observation of the astronomers observing the transit. Let the stake represent Venus, and the building, the sun. Then take up your position at one end of the twenty-feet line, and observe accurately the place on the building which the line of your vision strikes when looking over the stake on a level with your eye. Repeat the operation at the other end of the twenty-feet line. Now the length of this base line (representing the earth), and the distance of the stake (representing Venus) being known, together with the angle of difference in position on the face of the building (representing the sun), caused by the change of position, then the distance of the building (that is to say, the sun) can be accurately determined by simple rules of trigonometry, and that is all there is of it. To be sure, in the case of the astronomers, the stake (that is, Venus) is moving; but this is overcome by such observations being compared as were taken at exactly the same moment.

PROM PRINCE.—The barber's pole dates from the time when barbers practised phlebotomy; the patient undergoing this operation had to grasp the pole in order to make the blood flow freely. As the pole was, of course, liable to be stained with blood, it was painted red. When not in use, the barbers were in the habit of suspending it outside the door, with the white linen swathing bands twisted round it. This, in latter times, gave rise to the pole being painted red and white, or blank and white, or even with red, white, and blue lines winding round it. (2.) You know, of course, that the earth is surrounded by an atmosphere of variable density, one very important property of which is its power of reflecting light. This is the cause of twilight, which prevents us from being plunged into actual darkness upon the first absence of the sun, for, when the sun is half a degree below the horizon, the refraction is not great enough for its rays to come to the eye, but they pass over our heads, and are reflected irregularly by the atmosphere. And thus, although we do not see the sun, yet a part of the sky is illuminated, and reflects its borrowed light to us. The duration of twilight varies in different latitudes. You say "it lasts longer at the equator than at the poles." It is just the very contrary. At or near the equator the twilight is always very short; at the poles it lasts for several months; at the north pole, from September 22d to November 12th, and from January 25th to March 20th. At some times of the year the twilight lasts all night. This happens in England in the middle of June.

DICK FENTON.—"Being a schoolboy, I am, of course, deeply interested in the subject of 'rattan,' and have been trying to find out where the thing comes from, having already found out where it goes to. To what other uses is it put besides being used occasionally by school-teachers?" Rattan comes from the East Indies, chiefly from Singapore, Penang, Samarang, and St. Simon's Bay. It is a serious reflection upon American boys that the United States consumes three-quarters of the total product, the imports amounting now to something more than six million pounds. The rattan belongs to that peculiar species of palm which secretes in its cuticle a very considerable amount of silica, while its inside is made up of tough and fibrous filaments. The outside, with the smooth, natural varnish, when stripped off by particular machinery, is used for seating chairs. The inside of the rattan is employed in a variety of ways. It is shaped by machinery either round or flat, and so worked up into innumerable articles. Baskets, brooms, mats, matting, are all made from the inside of the rattan, and an immense quantity of it is worked around demijohns. Split rattan is made up into some half dozen different sizes, and is then sold by the thousand feet. The finest quantities of rattan are used by whip makers. This large and constantly increasing business may be estimated by the fact that one factory in New England alone employs one thousand operatives, and that the total number of people working in rattan (the schoolmasters excluded) is fully eighteen hundred. The capital used in the manufacture of rattan is about two million dollars.

MISCELLANEOUS.—POLLY PICKLE—Take "the other fellow" by all means. N. Y.—We cannot possibly tell you how to earn money, if you yourself do not know how to set about it. JAMES.—What kind of a pomade do you want? Your writing "for a boy" is excellent, all except the flourishes. J. R.—We deem it impertinent to meddle with the business of contemporaries, but may inform you there is a publication of the kind you allude to, which any newsdealer can procure for you. ETHEL.—Whitening and rouge are used for the purpose. A. E. C.—No, it would be a breach of good manners. (2.) We have always set our face against such requests. D. E. R.—Fifteen is far too young to be engaged. Seventeen is soon enough, in all conscience. NELLY.—Our best advice to you is to consult a respectable lawyer at once. C. E. D.—It is not a book which we could recommend to you for your perusal. More we cannot say. F. B.—We do not understand your question. P. R. (Birmingham, Mich.)—The story you referred to is out of print, and not obtainable anywhere.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*